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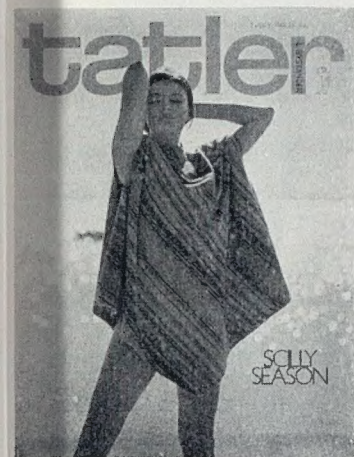
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EDITOR
JOHN OLIVER

GOING PLACES	2 In Britain
	4 Abroad: <i>by Sylvie Nickels</i>
	6 To eat: <i>by John Baker White</i>
SOCIAL	10 New College Commemoration Ball
	11 Muriel Bowen's column
	12 Sussex University Graduation Ball
	13 Oxford University v. Hurlingham Club at croquet
	14 French Embassy reception
	16 New Zealand reception
FEATURES	18 Alice 100 years after: <i>photographs by Ruan O'Lochlainn</i>
	20 A future for the islands: <i>by J. Roger Baker, photographs by Iain Macmillan</i>
	36 To await arrival: <i>by June Ducas</i>
FASHION	28 Cradle Song: <i>by Unity Barnes, photographs by Bob Brooks</i>
VERDICTS	38 On plays: <i>by John Salt</i>
	39 On films: <i>by Elspeth Grant</i>
	40 On records: <i>by Gerald Lascelles</i>
	43 On galleries: <i>by Robert Wraight</i>
	43 On books: <i>by Oliver Warner</i>
GOOD LOOKS	44 Preparing to be . . . : <i>by Evelyn Forbes</i>
DINING IN	45 Secrets of the soufflé: <i>by Helen Burke</i>
MOTORING	46 Variations on a simple theme: <i>by Dudley Noble</i>



There's a special light which shines on the Isles of Scilly that seems to make colours more vivid, shapes and landscapes more clear-cut. It's a light that's captured in the cover picture and which pervades J. Roger Baker's feature article A Future For The Islands, page 20 onwards. The cover girl wears a towelling poncho with diagonal seascape coloured stripes and buttons down one side. By Jer-Sea of Sweden, £6 12s. 6d. from a selection at Dickins & Jones. Lidbrooke took the picture in the Scillies

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GOING PLACES

SOCIAL & SPORTING

Royal Garden Parties. Buckingham Palace, 15 July, and 21 July.

Royal Windsor Rose Show. Windsor Castle, 9, 10 July.

Oxford v. Cambridge, Lord's, 7-9 July.

Great Yorkshire Show, Harrogate, 13-15 July.

Princess Grace of Monaco will attend a gala ballet matinée at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, 13 July, in aid of the Sunshine Fund for Blind Babies & Young People. (Tickets, 5s. to 10s. 6d., EUS 5251.)

Kent County Show, Detling, nr. Maidstone, 14, 15 July.

Royal Tournament, Earls Court, 14-31 July.

Red Cross Ball, Durham Castle, 16 July, in aid of the Co. Durham branch, B.R.C.S. (Double tickets, £3 15s., inc. wine with supper, from Mrs. R. W. Annand, Durham 2826.)

Royal Bucks Yeomanry, Queen's Own Oxfordshire Hussars, and Berkshire Battery Regt. Ball, Claydon House, Bucks., 16 July. (Double tickets, £8 8s., from Capt. A. J. E. Lloyd, 299 Regt. R.A., Oxford Rd., Aylesbury.)

Fleet Air Arm Ball, Hurlingham Club, 16 July. (Tickets, inc. all food and drink, £3 15s., 94 Piccadilly, W.1.)

Brighton Antiques Fair, Corn Exchange, Brighton, 16-24 July.

International Horse Show, White City, 19-24 July.

Peterborough Foxhound Show, 21 July.

CRICKET

Test Match: England v. New Zealand, Leeds. 8-13 July.

POLO

Cowdray Park: Midhurst Town Cup, 1st rounds; Holden White Cup, 1st rounds; League Tournament, 10 July. Cowdray Park Gold Cup, semi-finals; League Tournament, 11 July.

GOLF

Open Championship, Royal Birkdale, Southport, to 9 July.

Amateur Championships: English, Berkshire, Bagshot, 12-17 July; North of Ireland, Royal Portrush, 12-16 July; Welsh, Royal Porthcawl, 17-24 July; Scottish, St. Andrews, 19-24 July.

MOTOR RACING

British Grand Prix, Silverstone, 10 July.

REGATTAS & YACHTING

Barnes & Mortlake, 13-15 July; Molesey, 16, 17 July; Exeter, Lancaster, 17 July; Poole (Centenary regatta), 17, 18 July.

R.O.R.C. Cowes-Dinard race, 9 July.

Inter-Services Regatta, Seaview, I.O.W., 10, 11 July.

MUSICAL

Covent Garden Opera. *Moses & Aaron*, tonight, 10, 13, 16 July (last perfs.); *Tosca*, 8, 12 July. (last perfs.) 7.30 p.m. (cov 1066.)

Royal Ballet, Covent Garden. *Solitaire*, *Summer's Night*, *Quintet*, *Hamlet*, 9 July; *Sylvia*, 14 July. 7.30 p.m.

Royal Festival Hall. Rostropovich Festival, with L.S.O. cond. Rozhdestvensky, 11, 18, 25 July, 1 August. 7.30 p.m. (wat 3191.)

Sadler's Wells Opera. *Orpheus In The Underworld*, 8-10 July, 7.30 p.m. (end of season). (TER 1672/3.)

Camden Chamber Music Festival (Mozart & Schubert) Camden School for Girls, the Allegri String Quartet, 12-23 July. (WEL 8418.)

Kenwood Lakeside Concert Royal Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, 10 July, 8 p.m. (WAT 5000, Ext. 6207.)

Country House Concerts: D. Kammermusike of Zürich, Claydon House, Bucks, 11 July, 7 p.m.; Hardwick Hall, Chesterfield, 13 July, 8.30 p.m. (PRI 7142.)

FESTIVALS

Cheltenham Music Festival (21st anniversary), to 16 July.

Cambridge Festival, to 1 July.

Chichester Festival, 4 September.

Hintlesham Festival Hintlesham Hall, nr. Ipswich, to 1 August.

GARDENS

St. John's Wood. 20 Hanover Terrace, 1 and 26 Elm Terrace, 3-6 p.m., 14 July. Ad. 1s., 3 on one day, 2s. 6d.

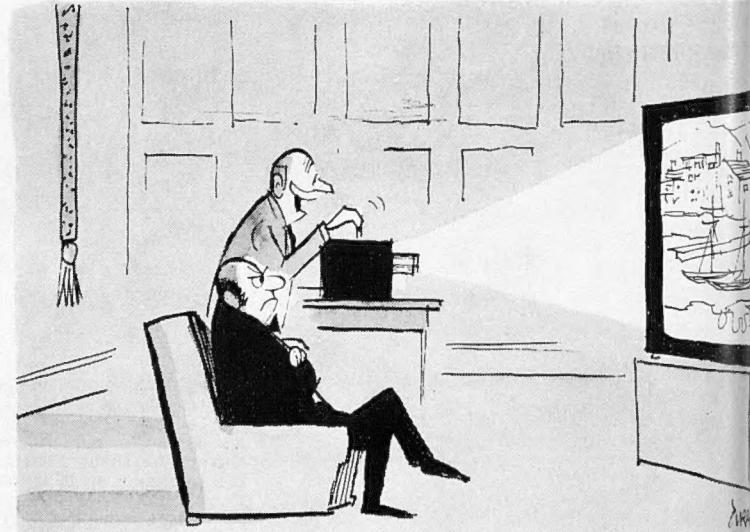
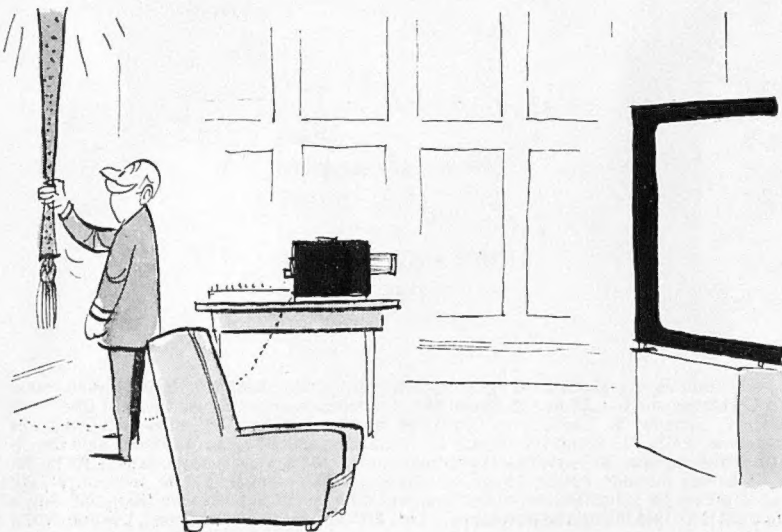
FIRST NIGHT

St. Martin's. *The Creeper*, July.



Mr. William Luke, chairman of the Lindustries group of companies, and Mrs. Luke were hosts at a dance for their daughter Elizabeth at the Monkey Island Hotel at Bray. About 150 young people danced to the Hungarian band and to the Oxford and Cambridge Dance Orchestra.

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Solveig Ostergard

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Attilio Labis and
Christiane Vlassi

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Sylvie Nickels / The inland face of Yugoslavia

GOING PLACES

The Miljacka river, swollen with melting mountain snows, seems tinged with blood as it hurries through Sarajevo. There is an awful irony in this as you stand above it on the bridge which bears the name of Gavrilo Princip. Across the road, his footprints are sunk into a paving stone on the street corner where 51 years and one week ago he shot the Archduke Franz Ferdinand dead.

Sarajevo, and the Republic of Bosnia and Herzegovina which it administers, knows all about wars and insurrections and oppression in most of their forms. It is the justification for all those clichés about melting pots of East and West, for here the twain did meet and from the mainstreams of culture—and non-culture—which have surged upon them from all sides through the centuries, the Bosnians have distilled their own.

Eighty slim minarets share the Sarajevo skyline with Catholic church spires and Serbian Orthodox domes. Latin and Cyrillic alphabets alternate

on street signs. The old town owes its compressed appearance to the Turks who ruled here for 400 years, but today tram-cars from Washington glide round it and ex-London Transport buses link it with the new small skyscrapers of the suburbs, 10 minutes away. In between lies the business centre, standard European in style, with here and there a lumpish pseudo-Oriental orange brick building erected by the Austrians. The fortress overlooking the city is theirs too, and by reaching it past the tiny alleys of the upper town you will come to the best view of Sarajevo, spilling down into the bowl of the valley from the mountain flanks which contain it on three sides.

From the cafés comes the sound of music, a little plaintive even when it is gay, neither Oriental nor Western but that Bosnian somewhere-in-between. In the lounge and night club of the Europa Hotel, the music is Western "pop," diluted in summer with folkloric dances by local amateur groups.

The Europa Hotel is the



ABROAD

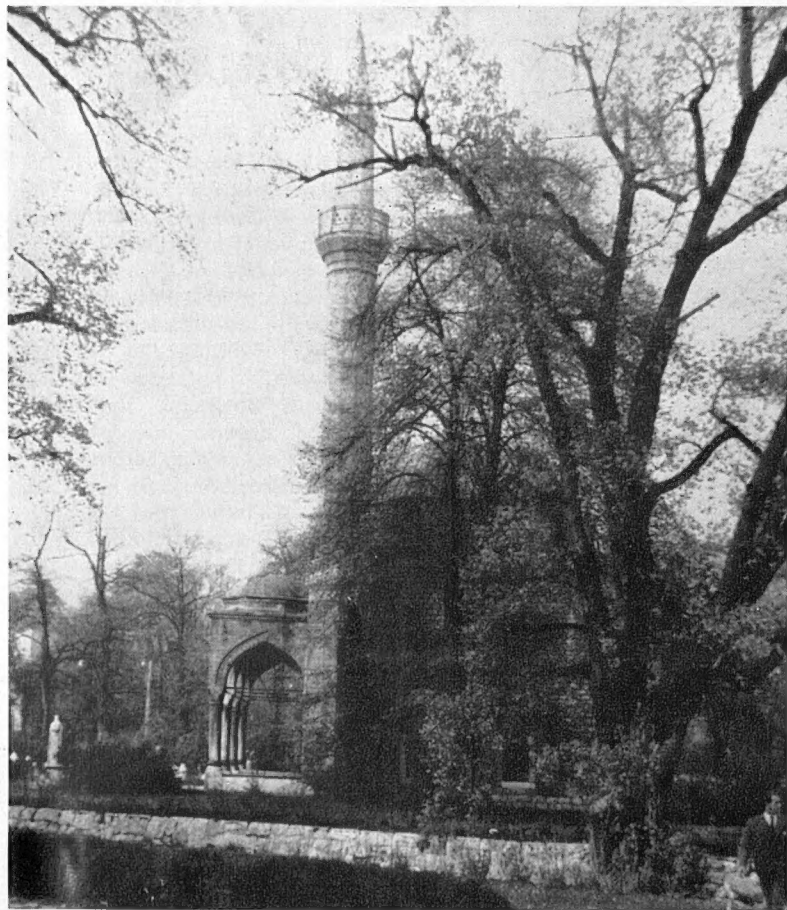
largest, newest and best in Sarajevo and it stands partially on the site of an old caravanserai. It is on the threshold of the Bascarsiji district, whose narrow streets with their clutter of little shops converge on the market place. Here you can buy everything from hand-loomed carpets, rich in colour, to garish toys, for the plastic age has not passed Sarajevo by.

In and around this district are the main monuments: the greatest concentration of mosques, the old Orthodox Church and its rich museum, the fine city museum, Svrzo's House (the lovely 17th century home of a Bosnian Moslem family), the covered market and the hamam (formerly baths at present being transformed into Sarajevo's second night club). The principal mosque, a stone's throw from the Europa Hotel, was built by

Ghazi Husref-bey, the most worthy of the Turkish governors of Bosnia, in the early 16th century. He also founded the Ghazi Husref-bey Library, an amazing collection which includes some 9,000 Oriental manuscripts. For one of the best museums in the Balkans, however, you must go the other end of town. The National Museum, near the new railway station, is a wonderfully rich source for anyone who has more than a passing interest in art and ethnology.

Sarajevo can be reached from Zagreb overnight by rail, in easy stages by bus, or (in summer) by air, but for anything more than a superficial visit a car is absolutely essential (self-drive cars can be hired in Zagreb). The road from Zagreb to Dubrovnik (a total distance of about 450 miles) crosses Bosnia and Herzegovina from one end to the other and is asphalted, except for a few short stretches, to a little south of Mostar—about three-quarters of the route.

Banja Luka, Jajce and Mostar are three other obvious places to pause at some length,



Bosnia: the 16th-century Ali Pasha mosque in Sarajevo, Bosnia's capital. There are eighty mosques in the city



Jajce, Bosnia: though built two centuries ago, some of the water mills still work. Here a Moslem woman spins as the corn is ground

but your own transport will enable you to linger in, rather than merely pass through, such delightful spots as Travnik and Stolac. It will enable you, too, to leave the main road and brave the bumps in search of incomparable mountain wildness such as that of Treskavica (*via* Trnovo from Sarajevo).

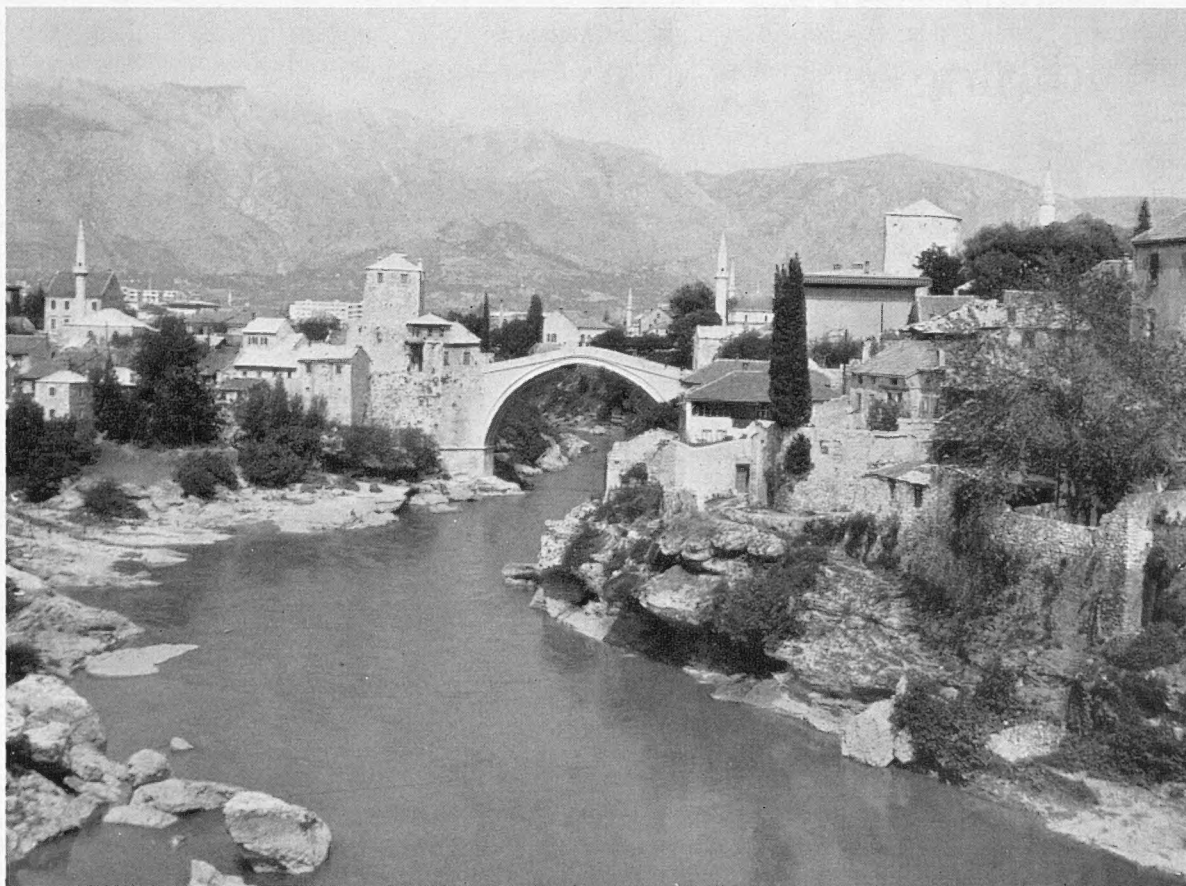
If there are any more dramatic gorges in Europe than those of this Yugoslav hinterland, or waters more vivid green than the rivers which tear along them, I have not seen them. The mountains soar in infinite layers, and the deep forests of Bosnia vie with the thirsty white ranges of Herzegovina. The wild life harboured in these mountains is on a rare scale—bear, chamois, roebuck, wild boar, fox and the gamut of game birds—and facilities for hunting are well organized. Those interested should contact the Tourist Association of Bosnia and Herzegovina in Sarajevo, or the hunting organization, Savez Lovackih Drustava Bosne i Herzegovina, Komisija za Lovni Turizam, Nikole Tesle 24, Sarajevo.

Against this background lie the villages, dishevelled and fascinating, inhabited by people who are usually poor and always dignified. Bosnian houses, with their steep wood-tiled roofs, hug the mountains. Here a simple wooden mosque pokes its minaret above them: there it is a church spire, dominating from a hill.

There is something about these villages and their people which make the tourist centres of the coast seem a little unreal afterwards. The inland faces of Yugoslavia are many, and among them that of Macedonia is perhaps the least known of all. We shall go there next week.

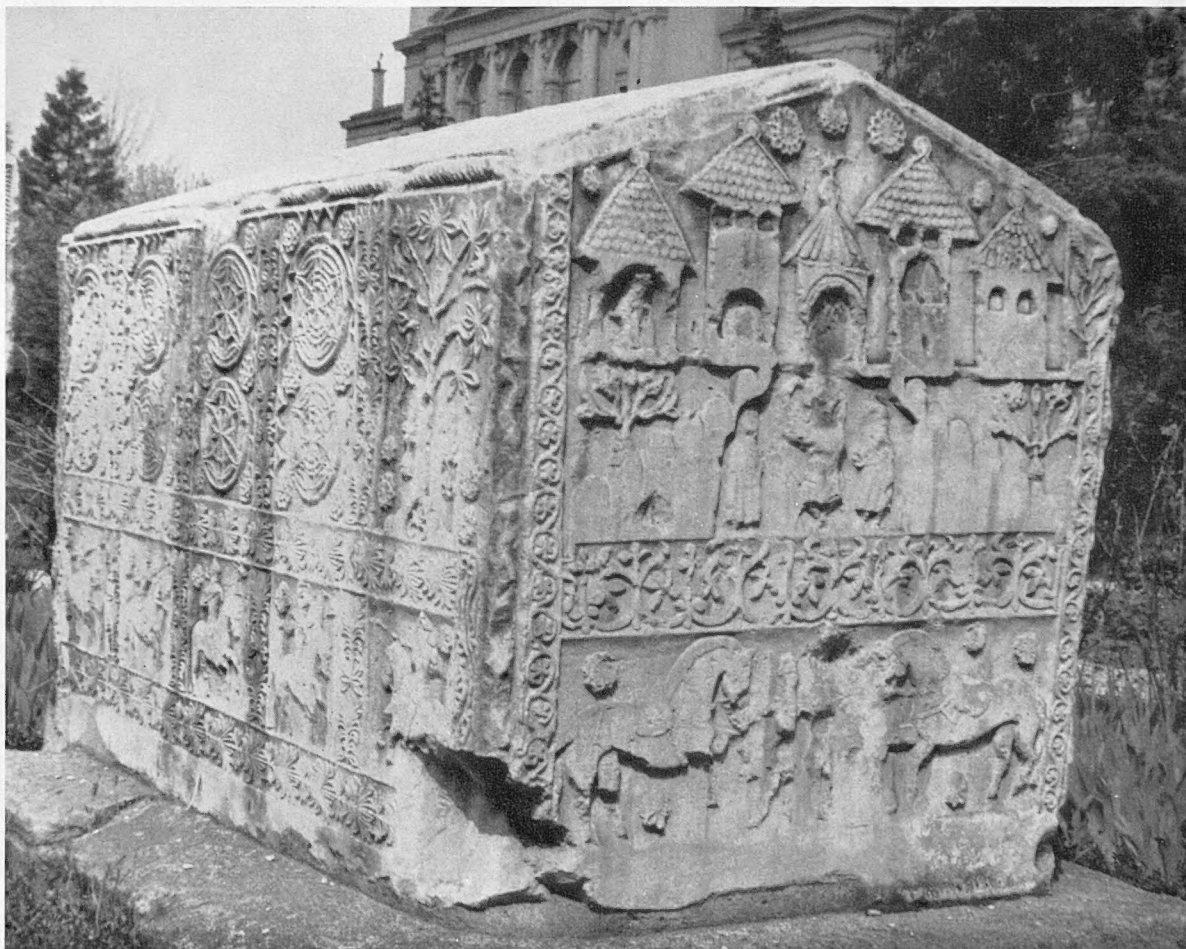
Further information from: Yugoslav National Tourist Office, 143 Regent Street, London, W.1.

How to get there: London-Zagreb return: by air, £43 4s. excursion fare, £59 6s. tourist class, £84 4s. first class; by surface travel, according to route, £24-£28 2s. second class, £34 15s.-£42 16s. first class. Zagreb-Sarajevo return: by air (summer only), £6 6s.; by rail, about £4 first class; by bus, about £4 10s.

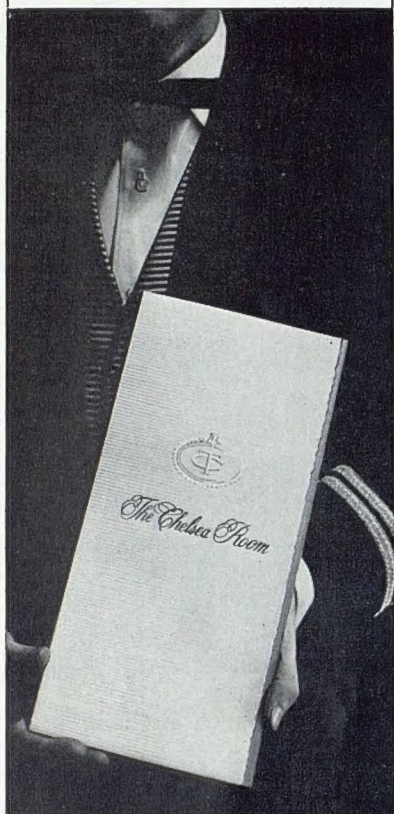


Mostar, Bosnia: general view of the town and its elegant bridge which was built in 1566

Sarajevo, Bosnia: a decorated tomb of the 13th or 14th century. There are many such but their exact origins cause controversy



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GOING PLACES TO EAT

C.S. . . . Closed Sundays.

W.B. . . . Wise to book a table.

Vivian's, 25 Basil Street (behind Harrods). (KEN 1723.) C.S. and lunchtime Saturdays. Otherwise open for luncheon and dinner to 11.30 p.m. Lord Vivian had to wait several years to acquire these premises, but he has quickly put his stamp of elegance on them. He knows that a colour scheme of wine, near white, and gold makes for distinction, all the more so when a fine gold-framed mirror sets off a splendid chandelier, to make a combination that adds to the enjoyment of good food and fine wines. There are two French chefs to translate into practice an interesting menu. My avocado pear *vinaigrette* was just as it should have been, and the Sole Balmoral, cooked on the bone with a garnish of smoked salmon, excellent. Every dish is cooked individually to order, so impatient watch-consulters should stay away.

The wine list, though not long, contains a number of wines of outstanding years, especially the clarets, but there are also carafe wines at 8s. 6d. for a half-carafe. I ate in the street level restaurant, but by now the elegant downstairs room should be open also. W.B.

New look

Visiting **Chez Gaston** in the Buckingham Palace Road, I found that both the bar and restaurant have taken on a completely new look. With the skilful use of soft green on the walls, plain white paint, an occasional touch of wine red, uncoloured wood panelling on the stairs, and a *trompe l'oeil* set in white shutters at the end of the restaurant, it has taken on a greater spaciousness and cheerfulness. Indeed, cheerful is the word that sums up best the whole ensemble. But the standards of cooking and service, high enough to make it one of my favourite restaurants for a long time past, have not changed.

For Channel fliers

For those crossing early in the morning to the Continent from

Lydd, finding somewhere to stop nearby for the night is not easy. It is therefore useful to know that at Rye Foreign, 2½ miles out of Rye on the Tonbridge road (A268) there is a small, comfortable and well-run motel. The name is **Rumpels** (Tel: Peasmarsh 313.) The motel is attached to a country club and restaurant well thought of in those parts. Certainly the meal I had there was first-rate. Thick onion soup, grilled lamb cutlets with spring vegetables, and lemon meringue pie. The bill for two, with a pint of beer, two bitter lemons and a coffee, came to 31s. 6d., and we went on our way content. The restaurant is fully licensed for meals, but the bar is part of the club. The whole place is bright and cheerful, reflecting imaginative management and a lively interest in the comfort of guests.

Talking of motels, the £300,000 **Oxford Motel**, the seventh in the Watney Lion chain, is now open. It is at Godstow roundabout on A40, has 60 bedrooms, and a restaurant to seat 120.

Wine notes

Realizing that vintage ports, ready to drink, are both scarce and dear, Taylor's, through Wilson & Valdespino, have two wines designed to meet this situation. One is Taylor's Vintage Reserve, a blend of their 1957, 1958 and 1961 wines which were not shipped individually to the United Kingdom. It is bottled here and is ready for

immediate drinking. The price is 24s. 6d. per bottle.

The other is Taylor's Crustacean Port, a blend of 1952, 1955, and 1958 wines, bottled here in 1960 in exactly the same way as a vintage port. It will in due course throw a crust, so must be stood up for 24 hours and decanted before drinking. Its price is 25s. a bottle.

Besides the famous picture of the small boy titled *Ne Buvez Pas de l'Eau* the French have a number of other ways to discourage us from drinking the chlorinated, fluoridated nastiness that comes out of our taps. From Languedoc-Roussillon comes Pipi d'Ange, a robust, full bodied rosé that I found went admirably with cold turkey. It is to be found at Mr. Leroy's pleasant wine shop, the Soho Wine Market, 3 Green Street, at 10s. 9d. per bottle.

. . . and a reminder

Albany Restaurant, White House, Regent's Park. (EUS 1200.) Outstanding cooking, mainly French, allied to a wine list of notable quality and most reasonable prices.

Jardin des Gourmets, 5, Greek Street. (GER 1816.) Remains one of the best small restaurants in London for high quality imaginative French cooking, and again a fine wine list.

Mitchell's of St. James's, St. James's Street. (TRA 3728.) Open 8 p.m. to 3 a.m. A new and most elegant night restaurant with bar and two bands. Free garage parking.



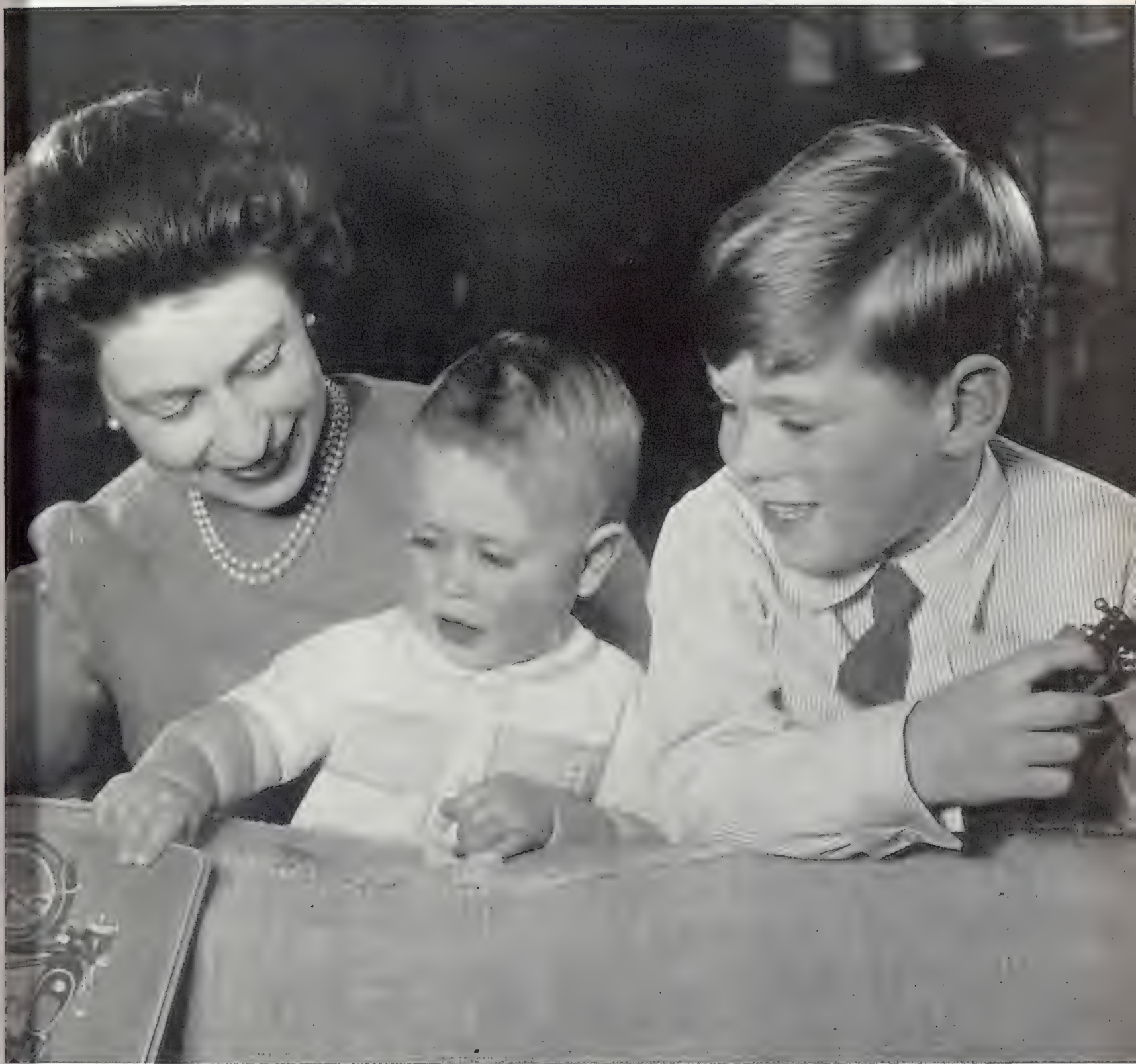
Mr. Charles Forte (left) with Sir John Rothenstein at the exhibition marking the Centenary of the Café Royal

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Tatler 7 July 1965



QUIET AFTERNOON AT WINDSOR

Fifteen-month-old Prince Edward shows his mother a tray decorated with a motor cycle, while Prince Andrew, five, pursues a small internal combustion interest of his own. This charming picture of the Queen with her two younger sons is one of a series of "off duty" studies made at Windsor Castle recently by Lisa Sheridan, who has been taking Royal photographs for nearly 30 years

The way they like us

By Muriel Bowen

America's love affair with things British continues unabated. The Countess of Longford's book on Queen Victoria has been in the top ten best-selling list for 17 weeks now. Currently it is in second place. There are British leather goods in the Park Avenue windows in New York and such a Mary Quant "look" on Fifth that I took a closer glance and realised that it wasn't just the look. It was original Mary Quant.

Toledo, Ohio, which is just about as far from British influence as one can get in the Midwest, is having its own Marks & Spencer Boutique in the autumn. While Jean Shrimpton's face looks out from the covers on a thousand magazine stalls, and customs men do their job with a transistor background of Beatle music.

De Havilland's executive jet aircraft is considered the best buy in the \$750,000 range for those with that much to spend on private flying. In no time at all some 30 of these planes have been bought by Americans. At a Washington dinner party a woman who had flown in one said that if the Dallas store of Neiman Marcus wanted to go one better than its usually two-up window displays, it should put two executive jets in its Christmas window. Simple tags would explain the reason for having two: His and Hers.

BUY OUR PLANES

Spearheading the drive to bridge the unsatisfactory gap between what we buy and sell to the U.S. is SIR PATRICK DEAN, the new British Ambassador. While Ambassadors in the past have been reluctant to give a lead in trade matters Sir Patrick is not only enthusiastic but engagingly open about his new role.

A couple of years ago I asked the then British Ambassador in Washington if he was busy. His response was a volley of statistics. "Last year I went to 195 receptions, 100 official luncheons and several breakfasts. Just short of 1,500 guests came to meals with us, and a few short of 8,000 came to drinks . . ."

The image of our Embassy as a place best noted for its parties has changed rapidly under Sir Patrick. It is all much more purposeful now. Quite the best Embassy party in years—according to the Americans—was one Sir Patrick gave in connection with an exhibition designed, unashamedly, to show the Pentagon that British aeroplane engines were not only best, but that they ought to buy them!

VITAL NEW IMAGE

"There's lots of British brains that have not gone down the drain (to America) . . . and they've got lots of sophisticated hardware to sell you," Sir Patrick recently told a Chicago audience. They slapped their thighs with delight.

It might have been a blow to any new Ambassador arriving in Washington at the present time because of President Johnson's antipathy to diplomats. (He likes to deal direct with the Prime Minister or whoever the man is at the top). When Sir Patrick went to the White House to present his credentials he was received *with* the new Ambassadors of Chile and Denmark. Washington was horrified that the President had ruled out the private

audience. No slight was intended; it is just that the President was busy and he doesn't like Ambassadors much.

Sir Patrick has not given the impression that he's noticed this. His efforts—and during a week he travels 9,000 miles and more—have added a fresh dimension to British selling, and more meaning to the ambassadorial role in a changed world.

COLOUR AT WESTMINSTER

From the hard sell to the glamour of medieval uniforms. The thing that stuck out a mile about the 700th anniversary of Parliament was how much everybody had enjoyed the dressing up. There were Speakers from a score of Parliaments dolled to the nines in everything from scarlet robes to floppy, granny-type hats. Hats that would give them a fit if their wives appeared in them.

There was the white, sheet-like cotton robe worn by an African Prime Minister and the piecrust frills of the Yeomen of the Guard; and LORD GARDINER all a-glitter from his silver-buckled shoes to his black and gold robes.

THE QUEEN wore a summer coat and hat. Her outfit was of stunningly bright yellow, vivid enough to stand out and clever enough not to compete in any way with the male glamour. Strong plain colours are always more effective than prints or pastels in the lofty grandeur of Westminster Hall with its enormous hammer beam roof and buff stone walls.

PRINCESS MARGARET's bright pink and blue patterned dress was an unhappy choice, clashing as it did with just about everybody else. While PRINCESS MARINA, DUCHESS OF KENT, like the Queen, hit on a colour that was marvellously striking and appropriate to the occasion. She wore a vivid grass green coat and matching hat.

Trumpets sounded, processions formed and re-formed. It was one of those grand occasions we do so well. Hundreds of women came in hats of garden party prettiness to fill the great Hall. The whole thing marched forward with the precision of Big Ben. It was fun to watch CAPT. R. B. BASHFORD, Director of Music, Grenadier Guards, baton raised in one hand, wrist watch conveniently at eye level on the other, poised seemingly for several moments as he awaited a secret signal. Then, a crash of notes from his scarlet-coated band.

CONFERENCE GAIETY

There was a blossoming of parties, and queues of limousines flying flags, during the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference. President Nyerere of Tanzania led the party stakes—he gave more than anybody else. Australia and India were also generous with their entertaining, and the New Zealanders managed not only the biggest but the most interesting crush of all in their new building near the bottom of Trafalgar Square. From the top of New Zealand House London really does look like one of those British Travel Association postcards.

I went to the Savoy one afternoon for tea with Mrs. KEITH HOLYOAKE, wife of New Zealand's Prime Minister. "This is my one evening off (from parties)," she said with the serenity that makes the wife of a successful politician. "I'd like to go to the theatre to-night but I am not booking anything yet—not until I hear from him. They often use the night off to clear things up at the Conference."

The Holyoakes are proud of being country



At New College, Oxford, Commemoration Ball, Mr. John Gerring, Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Day and, Miss Elizabeth Gerring



Miss Carolyn Pettit and Mr. Alan Fedrick, lecturer at Queen Mary's College, shelter in a college doorway



Mr. Paul Evans, reading Chemistry at New College, and a member of the ball committee, with Miss Julie Gardener



Miss Anina Wego from Oslo University, and Mr. Richard Henriques who is reading Law at Worcester College



Miss Jane Kettle and Mr. Maurice Gronly of New College, a member of the ball committee



Miss Judi Johnson and Mr. Christopher Brooks. He is reading Chemistry at Hertford College



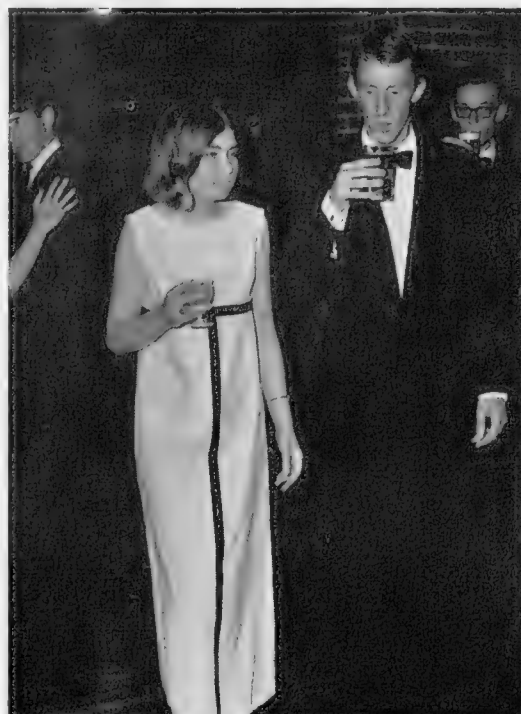
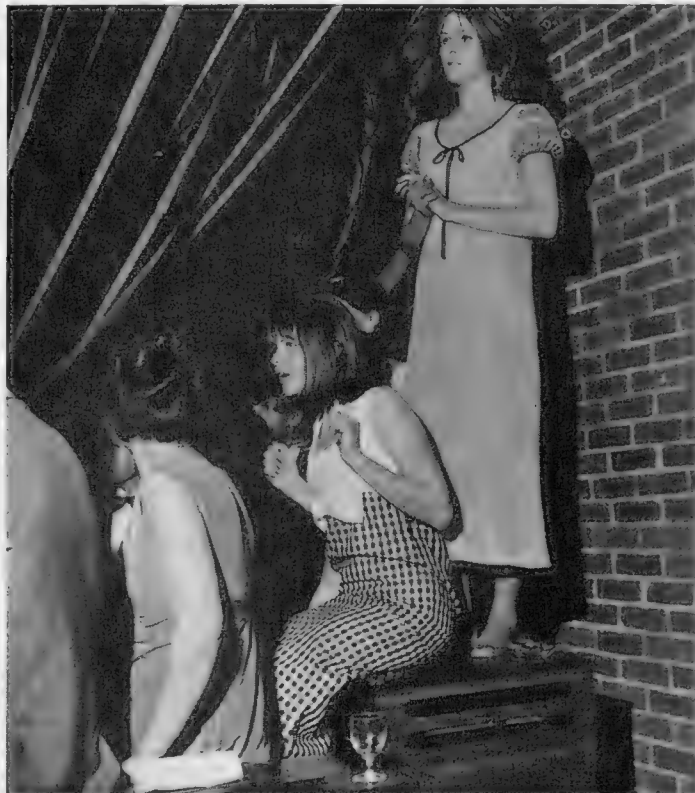
Miss Deirdre Hawkins and Mr. Wayne Thomas of Jesus College who is reading Law. There were five bands playing in various marquees



Mr. Bill Hartmann from Chicago, who is reading Physics at Lincoln College, with Miss Mona Stjarnmalm from Sweden



Graduation Balls, like Junior Proms, have an *ambiance* that is possibly more American than British, but the new University of Sussex has already proved itself a pace-setter and the students there staged a ball complete with pop singers, folk singers and beat groups that went on until dawn. In the pictures are (top) Susan Flintoff and Kenneth Kilmister. Right: Helen and Catherine Jay, twin daughters of Board of Trade President, Mr. Douglas Jay. Below left: Jacqueline Russell and Stephen Benson. Below right: Hilary Parnall and Colin Amery



Muriel Bowen/Continued

people. "My husband was a farmer long before he was a politician." Their farm of 1,000 acres is called in Maori "Land of the Gods."

THE NATIONAL DISH

It raises sheep mostly and also a few hundred head of cattle. "The cattle are good for the land." I asked if she had any Canterbury lamb to eat in London. "No, but we had some lovely chicken at Chequers. Mr. WILSON (the Prime Minister) looked at it and said, 'everywhere you go in England now you get chicken'."

She liked Chequers. "There is so much to see there—the library, the pictures, and Mrs. WILSON showed us a beautiful ring and other lovely things that are kept there. Mrs. Wilson is very knowledgeable about it all."

Mrs. Holyoake has filled her diary during her visit. "Six talks were lined up for me before I left and by the time I get back I expect there will be many more. New Zealand women love to hear all about England and my impressions."

On their way home Mr. & Mrs. Holyoake were stopping in Washington to see PRESIDENT & Mrs. JOHNSON. "We haven't met the Johnsons before," she said apprehensively. I told her they were country people—cattle mostly. She beamed.

NOSTALGIA IN CAMBRIDGE

May Week in Cambridge, and American tourists were asking the same inevitable question: "Why do they call it May Week when it is in June?" It is always a fascinating Week with its long nights' journeys into days. I saw old Cambridge men on the Mill Bridge watching younger versions of themselves, and sat in a garden in Grantchester at 6.45 a.m., after the Trinity Hall May Ball, and felt double my age.

Cambridge doesn't change, they say. It isn't true. There is now an influx of 12,000 for the May Week Balls, and the hotels, inadequate to cope, do the best they can. (Miss SUZANNE FRAZER down for the First and Third Trinity Boat Club Ball slept in an hotel bath, she told me). The girls make a much bigger thing of dressing than they used to.

Another change: everything goes up in price. It cost 7s. for a punt whereas 12 years ago it was only 2s. 6d. Even so the Puritanical spirit of all work and no play, that has invaded much of Redbrick, hasn't hit Cambridge. Punting continues and the revelry of May Week still goes on in the traditional way.

WIMBLEDON'S ELITE

Of the great crowd that goes to Wimbledon only 200 people, 50 of them women, are entitled to all the privileges of the All-England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club. Patience rather than money is the main requisite for membership. Intending members have to wait for one of the 200 to die before they can get in. In these days when more and more people live to a ripe old age it all becomes rather more difficult. The annual subscription when elected is only 8 gns. but the wait can be twenty years.

Temporary membership is not so difficult. The annual subscription is about 6 gns. An entry form is submitted in the usual way and names come up before the committee. However, for temporary members, use of the courts and clubhouse, plus good Centre Court seats, are all rescinded during the Wimbledon Fortnight.

Summer at Hurlingham

Summer in England is laughingly said to coincide with the start of cricket. Certainly that's when the big rains arrive but somehow croquet teams seem to escape the worst deluges. That's only a general rule but it's a

fact that Oxford University had fair weather for their croquet match against the Hurlingham Club, though this was not reflected in their score, for they lost to the home team playing on peak form

**Veteran Hurlingham Club player
Mr. M. B. Reckitt**



**Hurlingham player Brig. A. E. Stokes-
Roberts**



**University team member Mr. Ian
Harrison of Balliol**



**Oxford captain Mr. Rodney Shewan,
watched by his team mate Mr. Martin Yates
of St. Catherine's**



**Hurlingham player Mrs. Birnie Duthie is
also an international skier**



**Mr. Ian Baillieu, captain of the Hurlingham
Club team**

Indoors and out

The elegant rooms and spacious terrace of the French Embassy in Kensington Palace Gardens provided the setting for a cocktail party given by the French Ambassador and his wife, Baron and Baronne Geoffroy de Courcel

The host and hostess wait to receive the first guests



Mr. Vane Ivanovic and the Hon. Mrs. Vere Harmsworth



Lord Chalfont, Minister of Disarmament, & Lady Chalfont

**Viscount Garmoye, son of Earl Cairns,
with Viscountess Garmoye**



**Madame Monica Denoun and Madame
Louis Weil**



**The Countess of Rosse, mother of the
Earl of Snowdon**



**The Marchioness of Zetland and
Mrs. Henry Tiarks, wife of the banker**



**Lord & Lady George Scott, brother &
sister-in-law of the Duchess of Gloucester**



Mrs. David Nickerson

A welcome for Mr. Holyoake

The Prime Minister of New Zealand and Mrs. Holyoake were guests of honour at a reception given for them in London by the High Commissioner for New Zealand and

Lady Macdonald. Among the other guests at New Zealand House were M.P.s, diplomats and members of the New Zealand community in Great Britain

Sir Thomas and Lady Macdonald with Mr. and Mrs. Keith Holyoake



Miss Christine Robertson from New Zealand who is here to learn ballet teaching



Mrs. Monte Waller. Her husband is one of this country's main meat buyers

Letter from Scotland

by Jessie Palmer

The Strawberries & Champagne Summer Ball held recently in the Central Hotel, Glasgow, was a resounding success, as well it should be, for who could resist such a combination? There were 200 guests and about £600 was raised for the Scottish War Blind. This is the second successful summer ball which Major Ivan Straker and his committee have run, and Major Straker tells me that they are already thinking of having another next year ("After that someone else can take it on," he says) and are looking for another deserving charity. Major Straker had flown back from America just a few days earlier to run the ball, but his wife missed it—she came home more slowly on the *Queen Elizabeth*.

Earl & Countess Haig were there, and Lady Haig proved herself to be an accomplished "twister". Earl Haig is vice-president of the Scottish National Institution for the War Blind and he presented one of his own paintings—a picture of Monksford—to be raffled. Incidentally, he has just held a very successful exhibition of his work in Edinburgh.

The military Masters

The raffle raised £121 10s. and the painting went to Mr. Jeremy Phipps, a subaltern in the Queen's Own Hussars. A party of eight Hussars came up from Catterick for the ball. Their host was Captain Robin Walker, who is Master of the Northern Counties Otter Hounds. (Not to be outdone, Mr. Phipps is Master of the Catterick Beagles.)

Also in Captain Walker's party was Mr. Henry Huntington Rossbacker Jr., who has just graduated from the University of Pennsylvania. His father had given him a trip to Europe as a 21st birthday present and he had stopped in Scotland especially for the ball. Others in the party were Miss Mary Riddell from Northumberland and Miss Sarah Keith-Jones from London. Commander & Mrs. John Aitken, of Parckhall, Balfron, brought a party, as also did Mr. & Mrs. Nigel Dewar Gibbs.

Music was provided by Cam Robbie and by a local—and very talented—beat group, the Clippers.

Top nurse honoured

It was pleasant to see the name of Miss Margaret Macnaughton, Chief Nursing Officer, Scottish Home & Health Department, among the recent Birthday Honours recipients. She was awarded the O.B.E. This energetic and friendly woman has brought tremendous zest and enthusiasm to her work in the post she took up four years ago after having been matron of Stracathro Hospital, Brechin, since

1944. It's little wonder that, although she admits to plenty of hobbies, she says that in the last four years she hasn't had time for any of them. "I've read more official material and less for pleasure in the last four years than ever before in my life," she told me.

Before her present appointment Miss Macnaughton had always been very closely associated with the practical side of her profession. She is a Registered Nurse Tutor and holds the Diploma in Nursing (London), and I wondered whether she now missed the personal contact with both nurses and patients. "In this job one gets an overall view of the service," she told me. "One is able to assess more readily the complete picture, and I do think that's very important."

Miss Macnaughton has only recently come out of hospital—this time as a patient—and because of this she missed attending the quadrennial International Congress of Nurses in Frankfurt. But, typically, her reaction to her time in hospital was happily enthusiastic. "It was such a marvellous rest," she said. "I thoroughly enjoyed it."

A flat in the Castle

Historic Culzean Castle on the Ayrshire coast has recently had its "family wing" converted by the National Trust for Scotland at a cost of £35,000. The castle was designed by Robert Adam for the tenth Earl of Cassillis and completed in 1792. The family wing was added in Victorian times but was designed in conformity with the rest of the castle.

The National Trust's conversion has made the wing into three flats. The largest, which is on two floors and includes three public rooms, eight bedrooms and four bathrooms, has just been leased to one of Scotland's best-known theatrical personalities, Jimmy Logan, who is, incidentally, a life member of the Trust. "We're not rushing to move in," Mr. Logan told me. "We want to furnish it with the nicest antique furniture we can get—mostly Regency—and that will take time to find. We would like to have it furnished in keeping with the rest of the castle."

Mr. Logan said that he and his wife would be keeping on their town house in Glasgow but they had been wanting a place in the country where they could relax. "The outlook at Culzean is superb and the grounds are quite beautiful," Mr. Logan told me enthusiastically. He is hoping that various friends from America and the Continent will be able to come and stay with them at the castle and he tells me that his sister, Annie Ross, who is probably even better known in the South than he, is coming up to see it soon. "I hope she will be able to make use of it sometimes," he said.

The basement flat has also been let. The tenant is the botanical artist, Miss Bessie Darling Inglis.

Sir John and Lady Macpherson.
He is chairman of Cable & Wireless



Mrs. Don Martin, wife of a member of the
London-New Zealand Meat Producers Board



Alice is 100 today.

It is a hundred years since Alice stepped into Wonderland. Remarkable really that the gentle fantasies a dry shy don. ad libbed to amuse three little girls should have lived so vividly over the years, gradually emerging as something quintessentially English. The book has been translated into various languages, including Serbo-Croat and Swahili, been tackled by Hollywood and is still read by earnest middle-aged young men on the Underground. While it is easy to think of the author Charles Lutwidge Dodgson alias Lewis Carroll in Freudian terms, there rarely has been such a clean-cut example of a man revealing a completely different person in his writing. Dodgson the don rarely moved outside the walls of his college; he was unattractive, he stammered, his lectures were dull. Carroll was a man of free imagination, great wit and tenderness, with an eye for the absurd, an ear for parody. Perhaps this is why Alice retains her spell: in creating her Dodgson created and pinned down that free-wheeling part of the mind that everybody possesses and that most can only expect to enjoy vicariously. To commemorate this centenary the Dramatic Society of University and Christ Church, Oxford, mounted a special dramatized version of the book and played it in Christ Church meadow. Dodgson took his first in mathematics at Christ Church, lived there (he became curator of the Senior Common Room), and from the meadow, the Dean's garden, the Isis, drew inspiration for his work

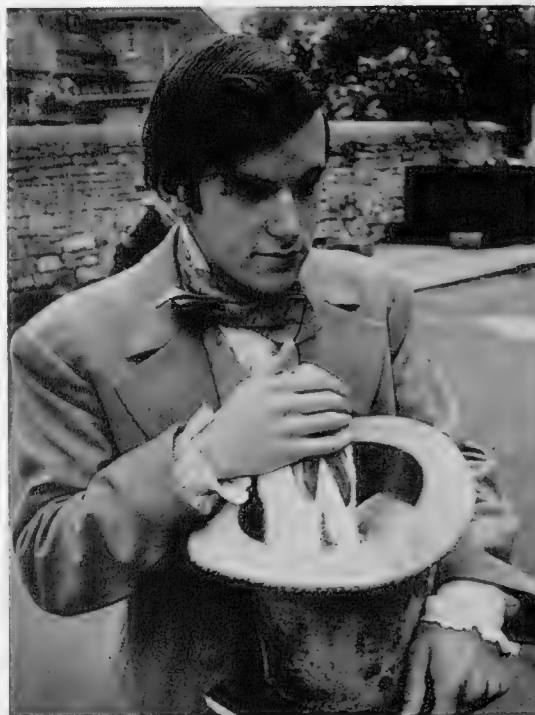
Photographs: Ruan O'Lochlainn

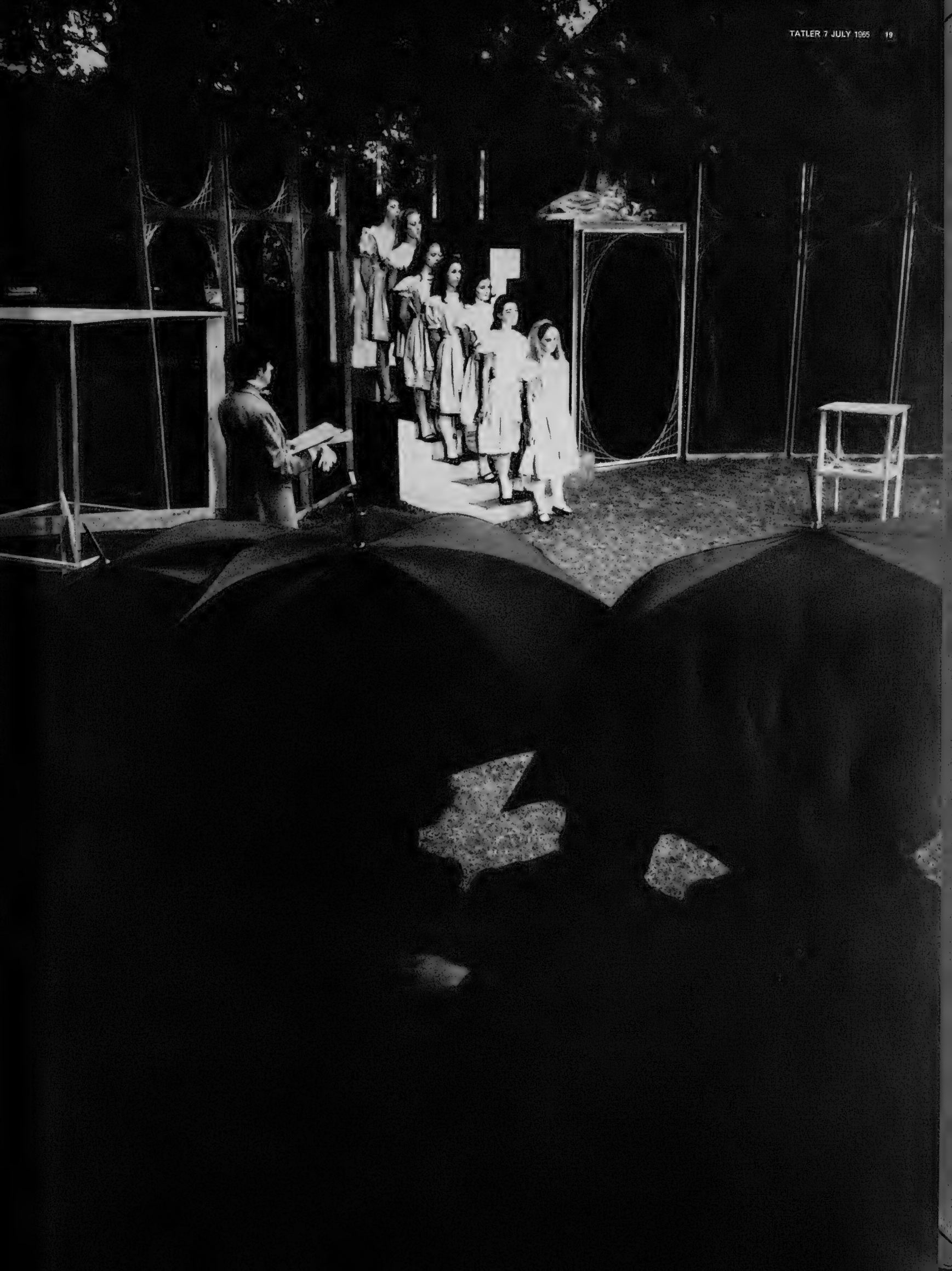
Opposite page: being summer in England it rained, but the show goes on and the narrator introduces seven enantiomorphic* Alices against Colin Pocock's set which reflects Dodgson's mathematical background.

The famous scenes are included and though a full Victorian reproduction of Tenniel's famous illustrations was not attempted, the spirit was captured as in the Mad Hatter's tea party (*top*) with Rupert Jones-Parry of Christ Church as the hatter, Dany Khosrovani of St. Hilda's as the Dormouse, Ian Wyatt of Christ Church as the March Hare and Tammy Ustinov (Peter Ustinov's daughter) of St. Hilda's as Alice. Nigel Rees of New College (*centre left*) plays Lewis Carroll the narrator, and (*centre right*) Isobel Grant the Duchess and Humphrey Hodgson, of Christ Church, King of Hearts. *Right:* Alice surrounded by gardeners and soldiers.

Next week the play, directed by Adrian Benjamin, will be seen at the Minack Theatre, Porthcurno, Cornwall, and further touring dates are planned

* Enantiomorphic: the many sides of one personality







A FUTURE FOR THE ISLANDS

Danger signals are out in the Isles of Scilly. The crisis is partly geographical, partly economic, but a solution has been suggested. J. Roger Baker talked to residents of St. Mary's, nerve-centre of the group, about their problems. Photographs by Iain Macmillan

The Isles of Scilly are ringed with legend. But the legends are frequently revealed as the desperate imaginings of disappointed poets and, as ever, reality is more fascinating than dubious tales of lost continents and piratical wreckers. History has left its mark on the archipelago in a more graphic way, and the islands reveal a microcosm of the development of western civilization with its attendant successes and failures.

The present social and economic construction of the group encompasses in a remarkably compact area (45 square miles) vivid examples of evolution that, on the mainland, would take place hundreds of miles apart. Basically the Scillies consist of more than 200 rock forms, of which the smallest may be no bigger than a traffic island. Of these, forty are true islands. During the period of maximum population—the mid-18th century—nine were inhabited. St. Helen's and Tean were the first to be depopulated, followed later

by Samson. These islands returned to nature and today are the haunt of wild birds. Of the remaining six that are inhabited today St. Agnes (with Gugh to which it is joined at low tide and on which there is one farmhouse), St. Martin's and Bryher maintain small communities determined to retain their natural dignity, determined to resist exploitation.

Tresco is totally different from its neighbours. In 1929 it was taken on a 99-year lease by Major A. A. Dorrien-Smith and is therefore privately owned. Physically it has a lush, tropical quality banded by broad, white beaches and holding tropical gardens containing plants that grow nowhere else in the British Isles. A landing charge is made to visitors to Tresco, but the island is retained immaculate and beautiful by the present lease-holder, Lt. Commander T. M. S. Dorrien-Smith. The Island Hotel, designed to fit into this context, was opened there four years ago.

St. Mary's is the largest of the islands and, both historically and geographically, the centre of the group. It received attention from the mainland in Elizabethan times when the military arrived to create fortifications against potential Spanish invasion. A castle was built and at the foot of its hill a small village—called Hugh Town—grew. From this source St. Mary's developed, receiving strong impulses from the mainland, much as towns in other parts of England have done.

Today, therefore, St. Mary's is much more like a piece of Cornwall that has become detached than like the other islands. This similarity has been accentuated during the last few years for two reasons. In 1949 the Duchy of Cornwall (that have owned the islands since 1337 when they were given to the Black Prince) took a decisive step and sold the freehold of Hugh Town to the tenants.

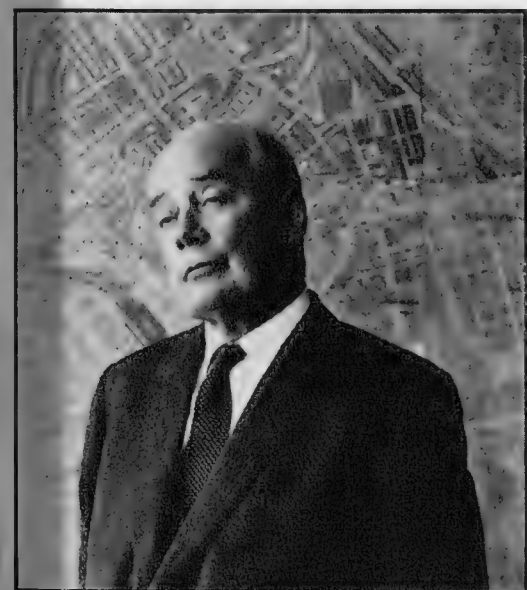
By today's standards the prices asked were incredibly low, and in cases where a tenant could not raise the £200 or so required from him for his cottage, assistance was given—characteristic of the Duchy's generally benevolent attitude. At the same time post-war gloom was dispersing slightly and the tourist potential of the islands was becoming widely realized. With the removal of any restriction the Duchy might have seen fit to impose on Hugh Town, development boomed. Prices rocketed: anyone who had a spare bed, room or cottage rented it to holidaymakers. Many resold their land (at spectacular prices) and ungoverned, speculative building began. Hugh Town is now built up to its maximum and the whole

island is showing signs of the sophistication that prosperity and a higher standard of living bring.

But this change has not entirely smudged the island's wild beauty. The natural and powerful barrier of the sea has protected the island from the majority of modern horrors that have made places like St. Ives, Clovelly



Mr. Rodney Terry is skipper of the inter-island mail and cargo launch which takes packages and letters to the other inhabited islands when they arrive by the two vessels plying between St. Mary's and Penzance. In the background is the lifeboat station with its seaward ramp



Mr. Geoffrey Jellicoe, the landscape architect, who has drawn up a Charter for the Isles at the request of the Council of the Isles. He suggests the lines on which development should take place and feels a landing charge for all visitors should be made. Left: the pink sea thrift is a characteristic decoration on the cliffs

and parts of the south coast of Devon a happy memory rather than a present joy. Cars are actively discouraged, coaches are of course out of the question (though some people have strange ideas: a visitor who missed his boat rang up the local taxi service and asked to be driven to Penzance). All the attendant tat of cafés, kiosks and caravans are absent.

The long journey, plus the Duchy's strict limits on camping, also discourage those dubious groups of youth from London who invade Devon and Dorset on motor cycles.



Mr. Kenneth Sisam retired to Old Town, St. Mary's, after a long and distinguished academic career which included being secretary to the delegates of the Oxford University Press. An expert on Old English literature, he is also an expert on the Isles of Scilly, rigorously separating legend from fact. Feels St. Mary's is underestimated, as visitors tend to use it as a base from which to visit the off islands

It is part of local history that some years ago a group of CND supporters arrived on the quay at St. Mary's, only to be met by indignant Scillonians who promptly marched them back on to the boat.

It is possible to walk for miles on the fennel and camomile scented cliffs with no sound but the pounding sea, no sight but rocks and stones and trees. The off islands ride calmly on the waters, the outer, protective, rocks sometimes crowned with foam as the Atlantic breaks over them; the wind blows unceasingly; birds wheel and cry; the turf is stained with pink clumps of thrift, and always the sea moves murderously round the channels and sounds, biting off a piece of cliff or throwing up a new sand bar.

Given this setting, where the contemplation of rocks and water skips history and puts one in contact with eternity (as poets and mountaineers know), St. Mary's has naturally attracted immigrants from the mainland over the years: some come there to retire, some come on holiday and stay, some simply come to live the simple life. So a three-layered society has developed. First there are the indigenous Scillonians who seem happily to be able to adapt themselves to whatever comes along, be it living off salvage from wrecks, building boats, rotating crops or making up packed lunches for anoraked holidaymakers.

Then there are the part-time residents, many of them distinguished people like the Prime Minister and Lord Franks, who own houses on the island, visit whenever possible but take little active part in the day to day life of the community. Finally there are the immigrants who now live there permanently, and are creating a pattern of life for themselves and for their children.

On the face of it the children have rather a splendid time, with far more physical freedom than their counterparts on the mainland. Strong, tanned, intelligent and fearless (one

tot, swimming off the end of the quay, struck out decisively for the Atlantic rather than the beach), parents are relaxed in the knowledge that their children are not going to be, as one put it, "clobbered by cars or people." The island school handles 200 pupils (staff of nine plus headmaster). After the 11-plus the youngsters generally go to either a grammar school or to Cornwall Technical College in Truro—boarding in either case. A new school is being built on St. Mary's; probably it will be comprehensive.

There are two schools of thought about this. While it is pleasant to keep children at home for as long as possible, many people realise that the islands are cut off, depriving them of various maturing influences. The Chaplain of the Islands suggests the other view when he says: "Organizations are built up, but then the brightest and most promising leaders leave at 11." He points an analogy with Kenya (where he spent some 27 years) where the problem of whether to keep the children there or send them to England, was acute. "The young people on St. Mary's," he says, "are lucky to have so many activities. You very rarely find a gang emerging and being mischievous." Others feel the islands are "stultifying for teenagers," and one Scillonian girl, while expert on tides and navigation, spends much of the year working in London. Unlike other off-shore island communities of this country, St. Mary's does not have a depopulation problem. Clare Laithwood, who has been teaching there for 12 years, points out that it is hard for youngsters to break away from their life on the island so the tendency is for them to remain. "Even if they do leave," she adds, "it is surprising how many return later on."

But to keep adolescents and teenagers on an island, there must be something for them to do. Most of the waiters and barmen, and some of the shop assistants and even field workers, are from the mainland, some coming over to enjoy a pleasant, reasonably inexpensive life during the summer. Domestic help is difficult and as one housewife put it: "You can't compete with the Wilsons—he signs copies of his books." The island's economy rests on the tourist and flower industries. And at its busiest time, the largest flower farm employs only about a dozen people, cutting, bunching and packing—and they are difficult to get.

The flower industry itself is not what it used to be. Mr. Rodney Ward, whose grandfather pioneered the selling of flowers on a commercial scale almost 100 years ago, admitted that the output was less: "The ground is getting overworked, you have to leave fields fallow for a season; 40 years ago the bulbs grew like weeds, now you have to fight for them. There is soil pest and sickness. No efficient mechanical aids have been perfected and some growers are giving up and going into the tourist business."

Mr. Ward's 40 acre farm surrounds his massive stone house in the sheltered centre of the island: "My grandfather simply wanted the biggest house on the island," he says. Basis of the flower trade is a narcissus called *soleil d'or*. "It was introduced to the islands by French fishermen," says Mr. Ward, "who used bulbs for barter instead of cash." It is now a familiar story, how some of these flowers were sent in a hat box to Covent Garden. "The first consignment fetched 7s. 6d., the second £1," said Mr. Ward. And the flower trade was born. "The business flourished until the war reduced stocks and

we were only allowed to export 12 per cent of the pre-war output on a coupon basis. We also sent the *soleil d'or* to America on Lease-Lend. Demand exceeded supply and prices became abnormal." After the war the trade regained its stability and strength until the present recession could definitely be discerned about eight years ago.

All imports and exports from Scilly rely on the two ships of the Isles of Scilly Steamship Co. Ltd. which was started in 1919 by Mr. Ward's father and of which he is chairman. "A difficult situation had arisen," Mr. Ward explained. "Until then the Admiralty had a base here and they kept the ships going, but suddenly they decided to stop. So my father went around and collected shares from everyone—some widows gave five shillings even—and a ship was bought for £7,000. In 1926 the first *Scillonian* was built and quickly paid for itself. Now there are two ships, the present *Scillonian* which can carry six hundred passengers, and *The Queen of the Isles* which carries three hundred and was launched last November." The islanders still own a large part of the company. Now B.E.A. runs a regular helicopter service to St. Mary's from



Cornwall provides the two policemen for the islands. Both are constables: Barry Cutler (left) comes from Yorkshire, Reg Wood from Nottingham. Having no superiors about means additional responsibility; living in a small community—they are hailed by Christian names across the street—means additional tact. Their problems can usually be settled without the weight of law. "People put up their own traffic signs, which can legally be ignored. But since they have usually been put up intelligently and most people obey them you have to handle complaints carefully." There is little crime on the islands—usually during the season if any at all—and magistrates' courts are held once every three months: "There was nothing at the last and nothing at the next." The overloading of boats, illegal camping and closing time during the season are things to be watched. "We also have to be sort of village philosophers. They come to us with problems about almost anything."

Penzance which is more expensive than the boat trip but much quicker. The 26-seat helicopters also spare one what is acknowledged to be the roughest crossing in the British Isles. Mr. Ward finds that the introduction of air travel has made no difference



The Stephenson family, Roland (top) and his wife Wendy (above, with their three children Miranda, Juliet and Ruan), live in Garrison House inside the fortification that surrounds the Elizabethan castle. Mr. Stephenson, lessee of the castle which is now a hotel, is a solicitor, also coroner, and converted a quayside warehouse into a popular local pub



The Chaplain of the Isles ("I am very keen to keep that title going—it was created during the Reformation") is the Rev. J. Gillett, who with his wife Mary has been in St. Mary's for nine years. "The main difficulties lie in having such a widespread parish: the physical distance is great and one feels so cut off in bad weather." Mr. Gillett finds that the holidaymakers are a tremendous help to the church and says: "If you do fit in here, it is a grand life."

to the prosperity of the shipping line: "In fact it has actually helped in many ways by bringing more publicity for the islands."

But publicity can be a two-edged sword. To attract visitors is one thing. To handle them when they arrive, another. Major R. Maclaren, Land Steward of the Duchy of Cornwall, points out that the island's services are now inadequate for the influx of people. Mr. Roland Phillips, clerk to the Council of the Isles, says: "There are more than enough holidaymakers. One used to be able to wander down on to the quay and pick a boat for a trip to the off islands. Now it's like queueing for a bus; we would like to see standards improved and have some control over who takes in guests and how many." Dealing with rubbish is a problem—not merely litter, but motor cars too. The life of a car is limited as the salt air rusts them so quickly. So cars get dumped and one can walk among the loveliest scenery and suddenly come across the twisted shapes of abandoned vehicles, thick with rust. The sight may enchant the admirers of Rauschenberg, but Tolman Point isn't the Whitechapel Art Gallery.

How to develop, taking in the demands of



A meeting of the Council of the Isles in progress. On the top table from left are Mr. Roland Phillips (clerk), Ald. W. C. T. Mumford (of St. Mary's, chairman), Ald. R. F. Gibson (of St. Mary's, vice-chairman) and Ald. J. R. Hardern (of St. Mary's, chairman of the National Health Executive Council, and chairman of the Education Committee). Top: The Hon. Greville Howard, M.P., has represented the Isles since 1950. He lives in his constituency and spends time making personal contact with the islanders. One of the few M.P.s with inhabited islands in his constituency, he finds his main pre-occupation is seeing that the islanders are treated in the same way as people on the mainland

A FUTURE FOR THE ISLANDS



Humphrey Wakefield, the potter (above with his wheel, and right with his wife Helena and their four children, Lalage, Larissa, Cynthia and Neville) likes the quiet life St. Mary's offers. The children are taken to school in the donkey cart. "It is much more sensible than running a car, and suitable for the island roads, but as soon as you do something honest people accuse you of gimmickry"



An important moment of each day is the arrival of the boats from Penzance. Mail and cargo are unloaded on to the inter-island launches. The launch is called Tean, after one of the uninhabited islands



Mr. & Mrs. Roland Phillips. He is Clerk to the Council. She came back to the islands after holidaying there. "You have to take any job that's going of course, but I was quite prepared to. It is very much a village community, but I like to get away from time to time"





holidaymakers, is a major problem. One thing is for sure—nothing approaching the popular holiday resort is envisaged. “We don’t think it is any good making the place into another St. Ives, or even Torquay,” says Major Maclaren. And the Hon. Greville Howard (M.P. since 1950 for the St. Ives Division of Cornwall in which the Scilly islands fall) says: “The introduction of pin tables and all that would simply kill the business. The Scilly islands offer a professional man’s holiday—that the Prime Minister goes there is proof.” Clare Laithwood, the schoolteacher, puts it simply when she says: “At the first sign of candy floss, I’m off.”

Apart from the problems created by a heavy holiday season, conditions for the permanent inhabitants are not yet ideal. Administration is shared by the Duchy of Cornwall and by the elected council of the Isles of Scilly, a combination of county, urban district and rural district councils. “The main difficulties,” says Mr. Phillips, “are that solving one problem creates another. We have outgrown the water supply system and when we start dealing with that, other things have to be attended to.” Sewage, electricity, the dumping of rubbish, roads and sea defences are currently jostling for attention. For this work there is no local labour and no raw materials. Everything must be imported. But things are being done, the island is in a state of conservation: “Go away and come back in five years,” said Major Maclaren.

The cost of living is higher than on the mainland. Coal is 1s. 10½d. more than in Penzance, and electricity costs half as much again. Everything must be imported, and it is surprising that the island is not more self-sufficient. Few vegetables are grown (“When they are it is usually to clear out a field for more flowers”), dried milk is familiar, frozen fish (of all things—though the chef at the Atlantic Hotel manages to get a wide variety of locally caught fish by arrangement with the fishermen), and the island lacks a laundry service, as well as other services that one tends to take for granted, such as piano tuners, clock repairers and shoe-menders. Slight friction is caused because the islands are still regarded as apart from the rest of the country (do agricultural grants apply to the islands for example?). Mr. Howard points out that, until income tax was introduced in 1954 by Mr. Butler, the islanders were prepared to put up with various disadvantages, but now, paying tax on a par with the rest of the country, they want, quite naturally, all the benefits of the mainland.

While the high cost of living is a definite fact, reactions to it vary according to the life one wishes to lead. Mr. Maxwell Wright married a Scillonian girl and has lived there for just over a year doing a variety of jobs including being district correspondent for West Country newspapers and taking a watch at the coastguard station where full time observation is maintained for weather changes, sea traffic and wrecks. “You need so much less here. There is no need for a car because you can walk everywhere. But the cost of food is high.”

Another couple who have adjusted to the cost of living on an island are Humphrey and Helena Wakefield who are potters: he makes and moulds, she decorates and finishes the work. Humphrey had been coming to the island for thirty years before he decided to settle there. He enjoys the leisurely approach to life: “You are not continually chasing

A FUTURE FOR THE ISLANDS



Time may become immaterial on the islands but the children at the island school have to learn about clocks, here under the supervision of Clare Laithwood, who came to St. Mary's after hearing a radio talk about the islands. "There is a very active social life," she says, "that takes in the other islands. They come across in launches to dances and to the cinema. If a good film is showing there's a block booking for the other islands"

your tail as in town." They keep chickens, doves and donkeys, make their own beer and grow their own produce, and find the cost of living is kept down because there is so little choice. It is, he feels, too lively on the island during the season, with too many people.

Scilly does have an escapist quality, and a number of people arrive quite prepared to take any job to stay there. Clare Laithwood was attracted after hearing a radio talk and Maxwell Wright suggests that it is more exciting than a mainland town, "Things take on a different emphasis," he says. It is very much a village community with the danger that, as one person observed: "Small things get too intense and out of proportion." Others find they can settle down quite well so long as they can get away from time to time.

Quite an intense social life goes on during the winter—it is interrupted during the season as so many people take in holidaymakers and have no time for social activity. "We like the immigrants to contribute something to the community," says Roland Phillips, "and you usually find people are interested in the same sort of thing." The vet and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Mackenzie, are particularly interested in the history of the islands, and she is chairman of the Museum Association which was formed three years ago after a puzzling find on a tiny island called Nor Nor. This consisted of what appeared to be the remains of a shop with Roman coins, French and Mediterranean objects. Why there should be such an establishment on a remote rock has defeated the archaeologists. "The association covers natural and social history," Mrs. Mackenzie explained, "everything from geology onwards. Most Scillonians have things



collected from wrecks and we are planning to assemble it all under one roof. We thought it would be a pity to take the Nor Nor objects away to the mainland, so we are keeping them here in the museum."

Immigrants contribute in different ways: Mr. Roland Stephenson came to Scilly to be the Town Clerk, and on St. Mary's he started the Mermaid, one of the island's two pubs where locals, and people pretending to be locals, gather in the evenings. He is a solicitor, and is also the coroner.

A way of life has been built up which is tranquil and stimulating, healthy but testing, uneventful but interesting, and in a setting that must, at all costs, be guarded against the invasions of ungoverned building and the exploitation of tourism. This problem has been uppermost recently and Roland Phillips asked the Prime Minister, on one of his visits, if he could recommend someone to lay down the lines on which the islands should be developed over the next few years. Mr. Geoffrey A. Jellicoe, the landscape architect (responsible for the Kennedy Memorial at Runnymede), agreed to draw up a landscape charter for the islands on



The flower industry gives St. Mary's its characteristic appearance. The islands are comparatively flat (the highest point on them is St. Mary's coastguard station at 150 feet) and a prey to the constant Atlantic winds. Flowers must be protected and their tiny fields are sheltered by high, thick hedges of pittosporum, a hardy, salt-immune plant. These hedges, kept neatly clipped, and very solid-looking, give parts of the island the formal, civilized look of a rather splendid Elizabethan garden. This group of fields is part of the estate of Mr. Rodney Ward, one of the country's leading experts on narcissi. There are about 60 flower farmers on the island

Whitewashed fishermen's cottages in the main street of Hugh Town. A sign of the developing times, they are no longer dwelling houses, but pleasant and private annexes to the Atlantic Hotel just across the road. The tall spiky plants are called echium, a member of the borage family; they grow to great heights and are characteristic of the island's flora

behalf of the Council.

The charter was published a month ago and takes as its premise the thought that "England is prosperous and overbuilt . . . there is real danger that there may be no areas in which the full grandeur of natural scenery can be appreciated." The Isles being a microcosm of the mainland, this applies even more acutely to them. The Jellicoe report deals with every aspect of the islands, particularly St. Mary's which is in the dubious position of being basically a stepping stone to the off islands. The holidaymaker usually sees this island only on a bad day when the boats can't go out, so the tendency is to take it for granted. Mr. Jellicoe has considered the problems of housing, camping, afforestation

A FUTURE FOR THE ISLANDS

Mr. Rodney Ward in one of the sheltered walks of his estate. It was along this path that his grandfather, seeing the sprightly *soleil d'or narcissi*, thought it would be a good idea to retail the flowers in London, thus creating the flower industry. Mr. Ward is a Scillonian, a J.P., and chairman of the shipping company

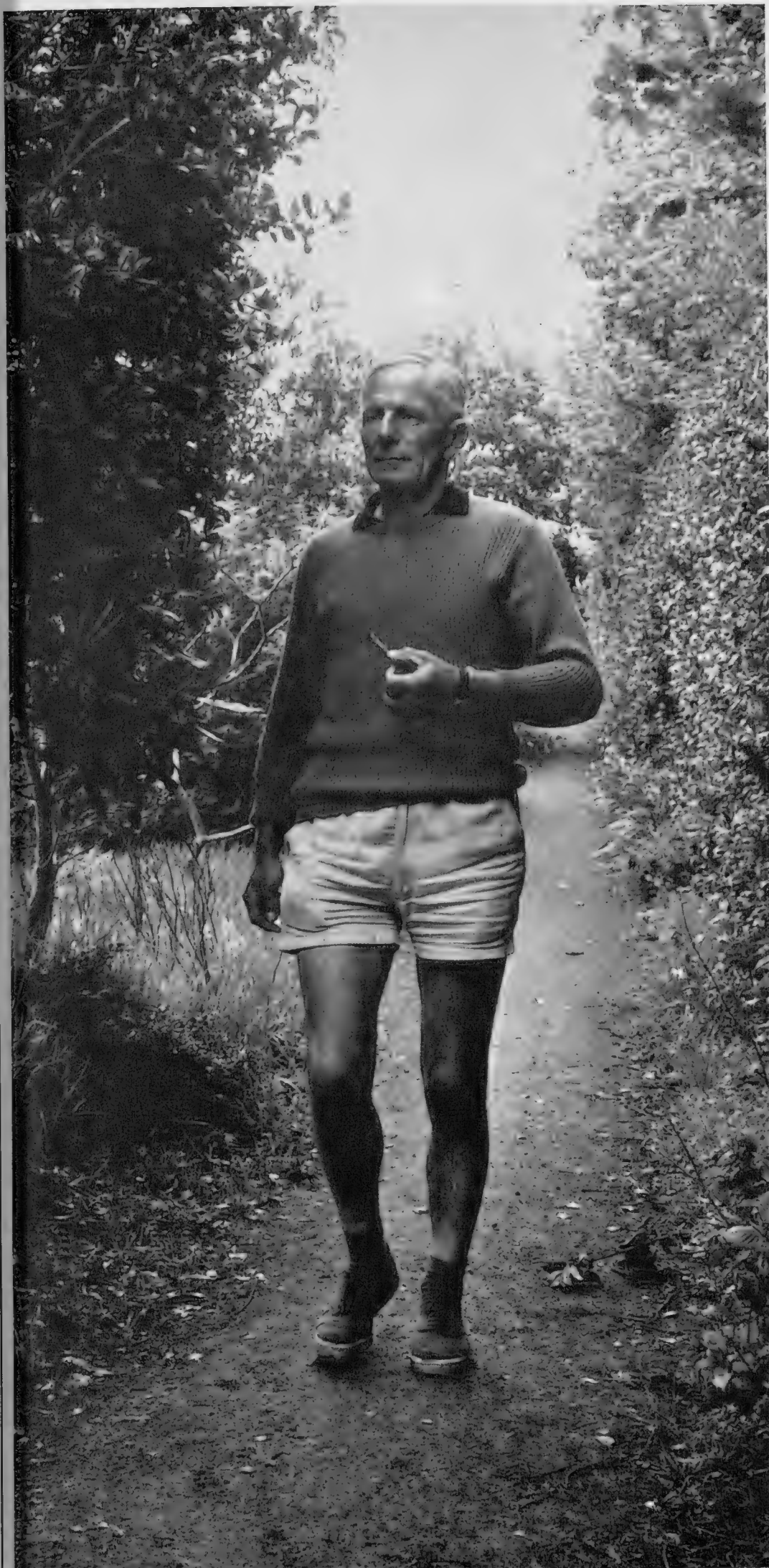
and private building. "St. Mary's had to be approached in a different way from the others," he told me, "for example the marsh land on that island is wasted ground and should be used. A similar area on one of the off islands is part of the natural scenery and should be maintained as such."

The most sensational and controversial of his recommendations is that a landing charge of 5s. should be levied from all visitors. This has received strong support from Mr. Howard, the M.P., who says quite trenchantly: "People should be made to pay; after all they are coming to enjoy something they are doing nothing to maintain. The money they pay to hoteliers isn't helping the small farmer at the other end of the island whose land they want to admire."

One of the most successful periods of the islands' history began in 1834 when Augustus Smith took a "Three Lives Lease" of the archipelago from the Duchy of Cornwall and overhauled every aspect of the social and economic set up. Among the many useful introductions he made was compulsory education some 40 years before the mainland. He achieved his ends by, as the Jellicoe report says: "The most arbitrary and tyrannical exercise of his powers as a landlord." He made no money out of Scilly but when he died the islands had trebled in value.

"What I find particularly interesting," says Mr. Jellicoe, "is the thought—can democracy achieve what the aristocracy achieved? So far it hasn't been particularly effective and on the present showing the answer is no." To implement the charter it is essential that the two authorities of the islands—the Duchy and the Council—see eye to eye on everything and enjoy good communication. The charter suggests that each party employs qualified architectural consultants and that a joint informal consultative committee is set up.

So the future of the islands lies, it would seem, in intelligent diplomacy and a firm hand on development. And if the tenets of the charter are followed successfully, the Isles of Scilly may once again set, as they did under Augustus Smith, an example in planning to the rest of the British Isles.





CRADLE SON

FASHION BY UNITY BARNES

Among all to-day's admirable, scientifically-designed, award-winning, many-purpose equipment for babies, an antique cradle, polished smooth by years of patient rocking and nursery rough and tumble, has an appealing individuality. Maternity clothes of the past make no such sentimental appeal, and mothers-to-be have certainly never had it so good as now, in their pretty dresses designed for busy, sociable girls. To prove it, we photographed two girls well qualified to judge; between them, they gave high marks to all the dresses shown here. Photographs by Bob Brooks.



Left: Mrs. Mike Gee, whose baby was due just five weeks after these photographs were taken, wears a dress in orchid pink and white checked cotton voile, falling straight from its gathered neckline, and frilled at the elbows. By Brimell, 7½ gns. at Marshall & Snelgrove, London and Bradford; Shinnars, Sutton. Shoes by Charles Jourdan. **Above:** Mrs. Kenneth Jupp expected her baby two months after she was photographed here, in a navy shantung dress with a double collar in white organdy that's all flattery and prettiness, 6 gns. at Maternally Yours, 24-26 New Cavendish Street



CRADLE SONG



Above: Summertime dress for the beach or garden in pale blue denim with big pockets, a belt to discard later. By Almedahl of Sweden, 7 gns. at Elegance Maternelle, 199 Sloane Street, S.W.1. Pine cradle, £22 from Montgomery & Taylor, 457 Fulham Road, S.W.10. **Right:** Practical navy chalk-striped dress, perfect for a still-working girl, its stiff white collar softened by a camellia. By Pageboy, £4 19s. 6d. at Dickins & Jones; Plummer Roddis, Bournemouth. Folding cradle lent by Scenery Ltd.







RADLE SONG



Left: Chocolate brown needlecord dress with Fauntleroy collar and cuffs of ivory lace. By Hilary Huckstepp, 9½ gns. at Motherhood, 22 Baker Street, W.1, and 21 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3.
Above: Paris-influenced dress in raspberry pink crêpe, cleverly draped to focus attention at the neckline. By Du Barry, from 9½ gns. (in navy blue, too) at Maternally Yours, 24-26 New Cavendish Street, W.1; Great Expectations, Hampstead Garden Suburb.



GRADLE SONG



Above: Spice-on-white striped dress in crisp, drip-dry cotton by Wahls of Sweden. Also in pink or turquoise, £6 19s. 6d. at Woollands. **Right:** Long dress, designed for successful camouflage, in richly patterned chiffon, coloured in deep blues and reds, 32 gns. at Just Jane, 93 Baker Street, W.1 and 8 Sloane Street, S.W.1. Cradle, £12 at Montgomery & Taylor, 457 Fulham Road, S.W.10.



to await arrival

There is nothing better calculated to send grandmothers, godmothers, sisters, aunts and best friends into a frenzy of buying activity than the impending arrival of a new baby, writes June Ducas, who here provides a photographic directory to some of the nicest baby gifts and the best shops at which to buy them.



5. Clown suit with infinitely more charm than an old-fashioned romper, is made of very fine soft, stretch towelling and fits any child perfectly. In pale blue with white edges and stout poppers at the bottom. This suit washes well, costs 12s. 6d. for size 0 to 20-lbs., or 20-lb. to 32-lbs., made by Baby Chic, from Small Wonder, 296 King's Road, Chelsea. This is a quiet little boutique, decorated like a circus tent inside. They stock all the baby paraphernalia—nappies, plain and flannelette sheets, pants and all the other day-to-day gear babies need at reasonable prices. It's easy to get sidetracked though into something extra pretty, like a pair of embroidered sheets slotted with ribbon and trimmed in broderie anglaise; they cost 66s. Their fine Victorian-style Courtelle nightdresses with insets of lace are flameproof and quick to wash, price 20s. 11d. They also have simple plain hand-made cardigans from about 21s. and thicker pram coats from 34s. 6d. Petticoats are about 15s., either in Swiss drip-dry cotton, finely embroidered, or with a plain bodice and skirt, all in broderie anglaise. To go over them any dress can be made and smocked from 5 gns., and there are already plenty hanging up to choose from in the smallest size, 14 inches. The Carters of America range by Aristoc are all available, including the hooded towel (see picture), and all their fitted sheets and excellent new range.

6. Fine lawn dress in pale blue, pink or white is tucked in front and buttons down the back,

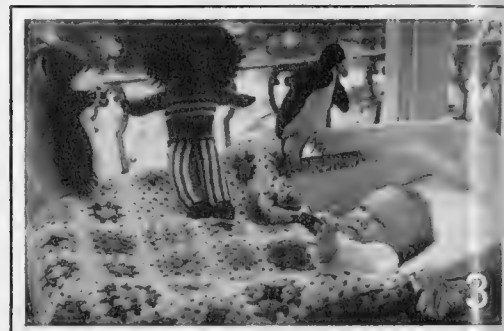


1. Dress from France, desirable as any Dior or Courrèges creation, comes from Liberty, Regent Street, where the children's department deals strictly in "extra specials". This dress is of white cotton with a finely pleated skirt plus a hemline slotted with blue ribbon and a top caked with rows of lace and frills of embroidered cotton. It costs £12 13s. and comes in size 16—too big for a new-born baby—but wearable from about six to 18 months. Other specialities include fine wool jackets that look like lace and are lined in chiffon, prices from £2 10s. Liberty's also have hand-made christening robes from 18 gns. If you are decorating a nursery, don't fail to look at the marvellous patchwork bedspreads. They cost £47 5s.—but no two are alike. Also throw in more brightly coloured patchwork cushions in Liberty silks or cotton from 4 gns.

2. Lace christening robe from the Doll's House, 99a Cadogan Lane, London, S.W.1, 12½ gns., one of a selection of hand-embroidered long dresses, many hand-made, at prices from 10 gns. to 30 gns. This boutique has almost anything to order in hand-made dresses. It's a great relief to find plain hand-knitted cardigans in the first size, one cross-over style costs 18s. 6d. Soon there will be exclusive fine hand-smocked Osmaline nightdresses ready to buy, though at the moment orders would not be ready until end-July. Price: about 5 gns. There are also beautiful shawls in fine wool lined and frilled in chiffon, price 98s. 6d.; a lovely heavy Shetland one costs 84s.

3. Pram cover in crochet like a patchwork quilt can be made to order in any colours—is prettiest on a white background—size 36 in. by 40 in., from 5½ gns. Single bed size 8 gns. All from the Women's Home Industries, 11 West Halkin Street, where everything is hand-made and where you can change colours or sizes to suit yourself. They have an unusual range of hand-knitted toys, ideal for small babies. The squirrel is in scarlet and white, £1 12s. 6d., the golliwog, blue and white, 15s. 6d., and the black, white and yellow penguin 17s. 6d. Other good presents include a selection of hand-made cardigans in fine cobweb lace with matching bonnets from 3 gns., and a circular shawl for 6 gns. with plenty of designs. Excellent quality here and individual service.

4. Pram suit in purest white Acrilan costs only £1 10s. It has a hood attached to the jacket and a pair of matching leggings all booted in one—available from all Mothercare shops. This go-ahead chain store is led by a dynamic director who believes that good design does not have to be exorbitantly expensive. There are already 50 Mothercare shops with a target of 100 by the end of 1966. They stock everything needed for a baby; maternity clothes, tiny gear and all nursery equipment. This autumn there will be a new pram seat, £1 5s., a new pram harness, 10s., a foam mattress, 16s., and pram pillow, 8s. 6d., both fully approved by hospitals, and a superb new Italian pram, £13 10s. The wheels of the pram fold up and collapse flat, while the carry-cot lifts off separately. Write to Cherry Tree Road, Watford, for a catalogue.



price, £2 9s. 6d., including petticoat, sizes 14-18 inches. From Fenwick of Bond Street, where the baby boutique has managed to strike the perfect balance between old fashioned charm and modern sensible materials, ideas and new shapes. Everything is planned to be pretty and the department buyer takes a firm line "on pale colours only," has a penchant for white and also smocking used in an "up-to-date way." Prices are strictly down-to-earth and value for money is a key point. There are fine shawls from 39s. 6d., small cardigans from 15s. 11d., and a pram set (due in soon) in white broderie anglaise all quilted with a pillow case and cover for 59s. 6d. Watch out for their new flameproof nightdress, and also christening robes trimmed in broderie anglaise coming in from mid-July. They will cost 69s. 6d. to 5½ gns. Wickerwork ball from Habitat in scarlet, price 8s. 3d., 11s. 3d. or 15s.

7. Hooded towel, which is warm and keeps in place however much the baby wriggles is also the softest possible. The material is cotton terry and is super absorbent—so you just blot the baby dry. Price 17s. or 21s. in a special gift package with a flannel made by Carter of America by Aristoc. It is available from Harrods as are most of the Carter by Aristoc range—their fitted sheets are excellent and not only for turning pram or cot making into quick jobs—but they also stay put and are easy to wash. The baby department in Harrods is a Mecca for mothers and is not



outlandishly expensive. Anything new and really worthwhile is stocked—for instance, a marvellous cot from America which can also be a play pen. It is made of nylon mesh, has telescopic legs, a mesh cover—to keep out flies—and folds flat. It is amazingly light and can be used in or out of doors, day and night. 23 gns. is not expensive if you subtract the things you will not have to buy.

8. Lacy jacket for a newborn baby lined in wool with a matching bonnet and boots, 53s. 11d., from a selection of dressed-up cardigans at Mrs. Gubbins of Cranbrook, Kent, whose new boutique caters chiefly for children over two but also has lots of gifts for tiny babies and their nurseries—mostly imported from abroad. There are quantities of small, larger and some all-embracing feeders in gingham and cotton, trimmed in broderie anglaise and towelling from 4s. 6d. to about 14s. Pictures made in raffia (from Hungary) make excellent presents—these depict weird potato men and not too awesome looking witches, from 17s. 6d. to 29s. 11d. Other ideas include heavy sail cloth or gingham nursery tidies looking like ducks, which will take anything from nightdresses to a jumble of toys. They cost 37s. 6d.

9. Suit for crawling with bloomer pants and an extra long top in pale blue turquoise poplin has a piecrust frill down the front embroidered in pale pink—also in white price 23s. 11d. From Just Jane, 93 Baker St., W.1, and 8 Sloane Street, S.W.1. Another shop in

Birmingham at 12 Corporation Street goes right up to 13-year-old. The London Boutiques go up to about two years and sell all maternity wear. Items for babies are definitely continental and they have the smartest outfits for little boys—for girls too—mainly imported from France, Belgium, Denmark, Italy and America. They have all the other necessities; nappies, nursing aprons, blankets, little jackets and imported shawls from 28s. 11d. For a list of a suggested layette or any information write to 93, Baker Street, London, W.1. Letters are answered by return. There is a wide selection of "angel" tops from 19s. 11d. and the owner-buyer, who has two children of her own, keeps a wary eye on whether things will wash and tries to keep the price down. You can write for a pile of clothes on approval and can keep them for seven days, if you send a covering cheque, which waits in abeyance for your decision.

on plays

John Salt / Full circle

The trouble with time is that there is too much of it; the trouble with civilization is that everything sooner or later becomes a matter of record, and the trouble with people is that they have too long memories for their own good. Politicians, of course, suffer most grievously from this tripartite state of affairs; and after politicians, playwrights. It follows, then, that a producer who undertakes a revival of anything more recent than Sheridan is braving the whole relentless tide of history and human affairs, not to mention the embattled might of the mid-20th-century critical faculty.

But any sportsman with sense will hedge his bet or at the least lay off some of the odds with other friendly parties. This most surely is the case at the Savoy Theatre, which currently presents Somerset Maugham's **The Circle**, which many would say is his best play of its kind—and I am one of them. A bet on Maugham, whether between hard covers or behind footlights (ask his publishers or any provincial repertory company) can safely be regarded as a cert. In this case the bet is made an accumulator by the inclusion in the cast of three highly fancied runners with excellent past form—Miss Evelyn Laye, Mr. Frank Lawton and Mr. William Kendall.

Add to these the direction of Mr. Charles Hickman and the piece would appear to be in safe hands. But in the end it is the play itself that counts far more than the actors, and if this were not so no West End company, let alone a provincial rep, would dare to stage it with any reasonable hope of success. The architect of victory then is Mr. William Somerset Maugham, a man with an instinctive sense of theatre on which I am sure he did not rely alone when he wrote *The Circle*.

For if this is a craftsman's play it also is an exceptionally crafty one. The comedy of manners is at least as old as the comedy of marriage and equally infallible in its application to theatre. Given the central situation of *The Circle* it would appear that no playwright could miss a popular success, though indeed a number have tried the theme and failed most dismally. A young woman, wife of an M.P., sensing that her marriage is a

failure and already half-committed to a lover—he plays tennis, I am afraid, and appears through french windows—invites her mother-in-law to join the family at one of those country house parties where tensions build over the tea-cups, simmer through dinner and explode at the bridge table. Goodness knows we all invite our mothers-in-law to stay from time to time, but this invitation would have been more the article had not the mother-in-law in question decamped some 30 years previously, leaving husband and son-in-laws in favour of a life of scandal in Florence with the lover whose political life—he might have been Prime Minister—she in the process ruined.

And if this were not enough, the abandoned—and undivorced—husband is still living in a cottage in the grounds of the estate to which his erring wife and her elderly paramour have been invited. It is always a waste of time examining motives unless you happen to be Poirot, but one can only assume that the M.P.'s wife has taken this course to reassure herself that she is doing the right thing, that is, in leaving the husband for the tennis player.

Reassurances of this kind are far to seek, and Lady Catherine Champion-Cheney as played by Evelyn Laye, and more particularly as written by W. S. Maugham, is a vain and fribble thing. Her partner Lord Porteous (William Kendall) is irascible, dyspeptic and a disappointed man. As Arnold Bennett once remarked in another connection, "it has all gone wrong" and plainly the alliance from the word go was not a success.

This play as first presented at the Haymarket Theatre in 1921 would have caused quite a stir, even among those bright young things newly emancipated by a world war. It was something that might have been taken very seriously indeed, and all those tripping speeches and witty lines would merely have served to titillate the amorality of the proceedings, while underlying also the grave import of a profound fracture in organized polite society.

None of this happens in 1965 because the society at which Maugham poked fun in the 'twenties eventually suc-



PHOTOGRAPHS: ROMANO CAGNONI

Bristol Cathedral this week celebrates its 800 years of history with three days of pageantry inside the building. Bristol's Gothic choir (above) has been described by Professor Pevsner as superior to any other built in England or indeed in Europe at the same time. Mrs. Freda Hullcopp (top) is the producer of the pageant, which is composed of 15 episodes

cumbed to its manifold fractures and was finally bludgeoned out of existence by a second world conflagration and the social revolution that followed. But what survives is a play, admirably contrived and constructed with a skill that may initially stem from flair and a sense of the theatre, but is basically achieved by a good sound polishing of the pants on the seat of a chair while the playwright wrestled with his medium. Maugham, in fact, is a professional, not that he needs the tribute.

The point is that the professional endures outside his time and beyond the social mores that conditioned his approach to the subject in hand. Those members of the audience who giggled at the anachronistic "anyone for tennis" banalities of the first ten minutes were laughing seriously—if you take the point—by the end of the first scene and arguing points of construction by the first interval. They ended by enjoying the play as the first audience did in 1921.

Audiences have a collective soul, it is clear that the dramatist's business is with the audience as an organic whole and not with the persons who make it up.

It was Maugham by the way, who wrote the last sentence, not I.

The outcome of the play itself, as I hinted earlier, is a

matter of record. Of course, the young woman leaves the M.P. for the tennis player, so would you with a set-up like that. But she leaves him not in despite of Lady Catherine's advice and bitter experience and not because of it. She leaves him because she has always meant to do so, in much the same way as people write to advice columns in the newspapers, having already made up their minds what to do.

In a way, though, this play at the Savoy is a bit of a cheat. A much lesser playwright than Maugham would have gained panache and even, quite possibly, a commercial success with actors like Frank Lawton—he plays the wronged husband—in his service. There is an urbanity among all the players; granted that it was an urbane make-believe world of which Maugham wrote, but these actors and actresses make it live and that's the trick. Miss Christine Finn in particular as the undecided wife makes the trick work; so does her stage husband, Mr. Richard Gale; even the unrewarding role of the tennis-playing lover comes to life in the person of Denys Peek.

I retain one cavil only, and this not directed at the admirable Miss Billie Hill, but at Maugham himself. What useful purpose does the character of Mrs. Shenstone serve? To make a fourth at bridge?



Peter O'Toole as the Yorkshire novelist, and Sian Phillips as his mistress, in *Ride-a-Cock-Horse* currently at the Piccadilly Theatre

on films

Elspeth Grant / Unlucky planet

As one who lives without benefit of The Box, I rather looked forward to **Dr. Who and the Daleks**—a film, in Technicolor and Techniscope, based on the Terry Nation B.B.C. TV serial that regularly keeps so many of my friends riveted to the small domestic screen. It turned out to be great fun. I didn't much go for the Daleks: they are a pretty beastly lot, gliding around in cone shaped metal canisters bristling with flame guns and such, bent on death and destruction. The venom and zest with which (in voices that sound like coarse gravel rolling over corrugated iron) they rasp out: "Let us ex-ter-min-ate them" persuade me they are not the Thing to know—but as long as they stay on their own blasted (literally, not swear-wise) planet, as they do here, we needn't worry.

Dr. Who, played by Peter Cushing as a bright eyed old dear a bit weak in the hams, has invented a time and space machine: outside it looks exactly like a Metropolitan Police street call box—inside it's as big as a ballroom and contains enough enthralling electronic gadgets to stock a Modern Science Museum.

He's showing them off to his two grand-daughters, shapely Jennie Linden and 12-year-old Roberta Tovey (a charmingly grave child), when Miss Linden's clumsy boyfriend, Roy Castle, stumbles against a lever and sends the machine whizzing away with them to a mysterious planet where they land in a creepy forest of skeleton trees and a midnight blue half-light that makes them all look decidedly off-colour. That's what they'd be very soon, too, if they didn't get a move on—for the radioactive fallout resulting from a nuclear war is fierce.

While exploring a weird city, build entirely of metal for protection against radiation, the four are captured by the Daleks—the hateful Things who are planning to drop a neutron bomb on an innocent tribe, the Thals, in the valley below. With great presence of mind Miss Linden blinds their robot guard (a fistful of liver paste or chocolate mousse or something smeared over his Cyclops eye does the trick) and the humans escape and hare off to warn the Thals of impending danger.

The Thals—a dishy crowd with classic proportions, sleek gold hair and false eyelashes—are a peace loving people but Dr. Who, scorning pacifism in the face of Dalek aggression, persuades them they must fight to survive. (I suppose there's always somebody around to sing that song.) The war is on—and jolly exciting it is and, despite all the devilish Dalek devices (liable to spit sparks and steam and blow up in your face), never really horrific. Gordon Flemyng, directing, exposes the tiny claw of a decanistered Dalek but no more than that.

Who wins? Of course. The sets are striking, the city a mechanical marvel, the devastated landscape is just sufficiently eerie to be effective without inducing nightmares. The children should love it.

One of the most beautiful and touching films I have seen for a long time is **A Shop on the High Street**—a Czech film, superbly directed by Jan Kadar and Elmar Klos. Here, with a sinking heart, one sees the gradual corruption of decent simple people under the Nazi regime established in Slovakia—the "independent" puppet state set up by Hitler after he had been allowed, by powers who should have had the moral strength to obstruct him, to take over and dismember Czechoslovakia.

The setting is a small, drowsy Slovak town—the year is 1942. Anti-Semitism has seeped in but has never meant a thing to Tono Brtko (J. Kroner) a humble carpenter, making a modest living at his trade. His brother-in-law, a Nazi leader in the community who is organizing the "Aryanization" of Jewish property as a first step towards dispossessing the owners, puts him in charge of a button shop belonging to a poor old Jewess—movingly played by Ida Kaminska. Reluctantly, to please his grasping wife (H. Slivkova), Tono accepts the job—and the old lady, who is stone deaf, in resigned bewilderment accepts him as her new assistant.

It's not long before Tono discovers that the shop, with its depleted stock, has made no money for years and that Miss Kaminska is living on the charity of her neighbours, Aryan and Jewish. When these kindly people offer to pay

continued on page 40

Tono a regular weekly sum if he will allow the old lady to continue to run her almost non-existent business, he is only too glad to agree to this. He likes and respects his gentle old "employer," she is good to him and they become friends.

But such friendships grow dangerous as anti-Semitism intensifies—Aryans suspected of protecting Jews are arrested and tortured—and when an order for the deportation of the town's Jewish population arrives Tono is terrified of what will happen to him if he doesn't hand the old woman over to the authorities. "It's her or me," he tells himself fiercely. In the tragic ending,

it's both of them—for having in panic accidentally killed the woman, Tono hangs himself, preferring death to life under the inhuman Nazi regime. The trials at Nuremberg made less impression on me than this quiet account of the Nazi-instilled fear that we have never known. The sunlit backgrounds—the cheery bands playing, the loudspeakers impersonally blaring, Tono walking his devoted dog through streets that look as normal as our own—chilled me to the bone. Evil, one realizes (or, if one saw Nazism, is reminded) doesn't just creep up in the night—it struts about claiming its victims in broad daylight, given the chance.



REG WILSON

Roy Dotrice in the title role of Bertolt Brecht's *Puntilla* which joins the repertory of the Royal Shakespeare Company at the Aldwych next week. It is the British premiere of the 25-year-old play about a Finnish landowner, good-natured and generous when drunk, mean and calculating when sober. Michel Saint-Denis directs.

on records

Gerald Lascelles / Paradise for pianists

People who heard Louis Armstrong take three encores of his best seller *Hello Dolly* during his recent appearances in London may have had some misgivings about the status of the world's greatest living jazzman. The truth is that he is still first and foremost a jazz player, but is only too aware of the fact that he owes his living and success to show business, and therefore makes concessions in his programming. There is an interesting collection of his works **In the '30s in the '40s** (RCA Victor)

which typifies the music he played with a moderate big band before the war, and that with which he made his comeback with a smaller group in the '40s.

A similar type of group, headed this time by George Wein, provides the music for **Midnight Concert in Paris**. The mainstays of this 1961 outing by the Newport Festival Allstars are Ruby Braff on cornet, Pee Wee Russell on clarinet, and Vic Dickenson on trombone, each one seeming to delight the audience more than



Real-life husband and wife, Frank Lawton and Evelyn Laye, take the roles of a married couple in Somerset Maugham's *The Circle* at the Savoy, first produced in 1921. Review on page 38.

the last. Like Armstrong's, this is a timeless jazz form which is gradually being ousted by more up-to-date interpretations, none of which have invalidated, and few of which surpass, the jazz heard in this album.

Unexpected warmth emerges from the strange conglomeration recorded under the title **Bob Brookmeyer and Friends** (CBS.) The friends are Stan Getz, who wields his tenor in typical fluent style; Herbie Hancock, one of those pianists who has the ability to pile chord upon chord at the piano, and still has time to execute the most exacting rhythmic manoeuvres; Gary Burton on vibraphone, backed by bassist Ron Carter; and drummer Elvin Jones to complete an unusual and highly talented session.

Records by Duke Ellington, both old and new, are always an important addition to any jazz record collection. His **Cotton Club Days, Vol. 2** (Ace of Hearts), looks back at the music he recorded when he first became established in New York, during the period 1929-31. The presence of the almost mythical names of Ellington's early sidemen, Bubber Miley, Arthur Whetsel, "Tricky Sam" Nanton, Otto Hardwicke, and the inevitable Harry Carney, who is still with the band some 40 years later,

assures us of hearing the original sounds, which have more than stood the test of time and, in my case, of repeated playing.

Taking a look at new things, Duke has fun with **Ellington 66** (Reprise), where he takes apart his choices from the hit parade. I find most of the material rather trite but always witty, and there are some extremely pertinent solos throughout. No doubt the inclusion of two hits originated by the Beatles will enhance the sales of the album, but its importance is relatively small in the Ellington story.

The ingenuity of the ducal sidemen is portrayed to perfection in two volumes of **Great Ellingtonians** (World Record Club), based on a series of sessions made for impresario Denis Preston in 1960/1. The prime movers are altoist Johnny Hodges, masquerading under a pseudonym; "Hooty" Wood on trombone with trumpeter Shorty Baker; Harry Carney and a gaggle of old-timers; and a five-piece group led by Paul Gonsalves. Each one makes a contribution in his own right, immensely live and swinging, and I would be surprised to find that there is another series of recordings at all comparable with these in the general excellence of material and recording.

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on books

Oliver Warner / The compulsive dynast

What a story-and-a-half is unfolded in Richard J. Whalen's **The Founding Father** (Hutchinson 60s.). The author accurately describes it as a "study in Power, Wealth and Family Ambition," and it is filled out in all the detail which Americans enjoy, and which their best journalists dig out so tirelessly. It is the life of Joseph P. Kennedy, father of the late President Kennedy, and once Ambassador to this country. It tells of his Irish origin—nothing spared—of how he made his money; how he served his country in London, which is a rather murky episode, since Kennedy guessed wrong about the war, and how in spite of the immense and sustained efforts he made on behalf of his children tragedy overtook a high proportion of them. Whalen, so he relates, had no help in his book from the Kennedy fraternity. Perhaps it was as well, for it develops into a near-indictment of an entire pattern of society. "No holds barred" would be an appropriate sub-title for this exercise in large-scale personal discovery, which I

rate very high indeed as reading matter.

A very different type of book, **Admiral Hawke** by Ruddock F. Mackay (Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press 48s.) does justice to one of the most remarkable of the line of seamen of the great days of sail. In 1759, Hawke won the most sensational naval battle of its era, in the confined water of Quiberon Bay. Later he became First Lord of the Admiralty. As the last biography appeared as long ago as 1883, Mackay cannot feel that the work appears before it was due. Hawke was far more exciting as a tactician than as a personality, and the author does justice to him in both respects. Although this is not an exciting work, it should be of lasting value within its special field.

Geoffrey Household's **Olura** (Michael Joseph 25s.) is a good example of the type of book in which he specializes, a novel of suspense, this time with a strong love interest. A new departure is the way in which accounts of the same events are told by different partici-

pants. He has made use of his knowledge of the Basque country to include some rich descriptions, and to turn an African Prime Minister into one of the principal characters to be involved in what looks like sticky business is, I think, a good touch. The standard in suspense novels is pretty high. This one holds its own among them, though I would not put it among Household's best.

That compliment I would reserve for Ernest Raymond. It strikes me that his **Tree of Heaven** (Cassell 25s.), which is a character study of a surgeon who becomes mayor in a Labour dominated borough, is as four-square as anything he has written. Novelists with as long an experience as Raymond either tire, repeat themselves as if in their sleep, or make stronger efforts than ever to see people afresh with each book. Mark Dolmen, the hero of this book, convinces me as a personality, and as the plot is well contrived and the writing substantial, this can be recommended to those who enjoy fiction with flavour.

Gordon M. Williams' **The Last Day of Lincoln** Charles (Secker & Warburg 21s.) is an ingenious story about an amoral set of people. The scene is a holiday resort with an American Service headquarters near-

by. An American Negro private runs amok after being accused of rape, and his flight, which is followed from first to grisly last, takes the reader through the more debatable areas of the resort itself, introducing him to a set of locals more notable for, shall we say, trickery than for the higher virtues. The pace is fast, and though this is not a cheering story, it is much in the current mode.

The Shell Guide to Lincolnshire by Henry Thorold and Jack Yeats (Faber 15s.) is about a county which is far too little known, partly because it is so cut off from the more populous parts of England and partly, I suspect, because it is so cold in winter. It has many associations with Tennyson, and its fenland skies are wonderful. The joint authors of this new Guide do their best to lure the tourist to discovery, and they follow the pattern of the series in emphasizing that revaluation of Victorian building which was begun by John Betjeman.

In the "Tatler" of 16 June, I reviewed **The Pebbles on the Beach** as **The Pebbles on the Shore**. My apologies for this mistake to the author, Mr. Clarence Ellis, and to Messrs. Faber & Faber who publish this excellent book at 7s. 6d.

on galleries

Robert Wraight / A need I don't feel

I have often railed in this column against the vast, various acreage of so much abstract (especially American abstract) painting. I have often asked, with a genuine desire for enlightenment, if the content of, say, a Clyfford Still canvas 10 ft. by 30 ft. necessitated or merited such size. Or, to put it another way, if the impact, effect, content (call it what you will) of a painting of that sort and of that size was very much greater than that of a blank canvas of the same size. So far no complete answer has been forthcoming, but the other day, at the Morris Louis exhibition now at the Whitechapel Art Gallery, my hopes were temporarily raised when I read this in the catalogue:

"This kind of painting requires a large format. Abstract painting in general has begun to require it, and abstract 'colour' painting in particular requires it. Even Monet, toward the end of his life, re-

quired it. Louis is 'confined to' the huge canvas as inevitably as Clyfford Still is."

Since the writer was that most distinguished and portentous of American critics, Clement Greenberg, I felt sure that this was going to be it, the answer that would shut me up for good. I even looked forward to being shut up. But then I read on: "This is not the place to go into all the internal reasons involved in this necessity of largeness, but one of them is, most definitely, the need to have the picture occupy so much of one's visual field that it loses its character as a discrete tactile object and thereby becomes that much more purely a picture, a strictly visual entity."

The "need" to which Mr. Greenberg refers is, of course, the need of the painter. But what of the spectator? Do you feel this need? I don't. Nor do I find that pictures that are the outcome of this need lose their character as discrete

tactile objects.

Between 1954 and 1962, the years covered by the exhibition (and the last years of his life), Louis made his pictures by flooding diluted acrylic paint on to unprimed canvas. In the earlier pictures great transparent washes of various colours are laid one upon the other to produce mysterious "veil" effects. In the later pictures the colours are clearly separated from each other and dazzlingly juxtaposed, like ribbons laid vertically on the canvas or diagonally across its lower corners. In each case the paint acts only as a stain and a sizable area (sometimes the greater part) of the canvas is left in its virgin state.

To the touch of a blind man, then, the coloured and uncoloured areas will probably feel exactly the same. But to the rest of us the "surface interest" of such a painting is not necessarily any less than that of a canvas piled an inch thick with paint. And a huge canvas by Louis is no less a "discrete tactile object" than, say, one by Antonio Tapies. Oddly enough this point is implied in the Whitechapel catalogue by another American critic, Alan R. Solomon, who

writes:

"Since the colour is stained into the canvas in layers, the surface becomes extraordinarily opulent and varied, generating a spatial resonance both within the form and between the form and the raw canvas, despite the prevailing flatness."

As Mr. Greenberg would say, quite rightly, this is not the place to go into such a high-faluting argument. But before I leave it alone I would draw the attention of anyone (if there is such a one), who is interested in pursuing it, to an exhibition at the Kasmin Gallery which illustrates more clearly the point I am trying to make.

The exhibition is of the new paintings by the Russian-American Jules Olitski whose work has often been grouped with that of Louis. Olitski paints abstract and he paints big. He, too, uses paint as a stain, but instead of pouring it on he uses a spray. And the results are such tempting tactile objects that few visitors to the gallery can resist surreptitiously stroking their hands across *The Friend of the Duchess* or *Dolly Haze* or *Patutsky Paradise*.

PREPARING TO BE.....

Good Looks by Evelyn Forbes

Britain is full of pretty little girls—10,000 entered for this year's Miss Pears competition—and each one owed a large part of her good looks to her mother. It was she who smoothed out those easily-crumpled baby ears beneath their heads, gently closed their sleeping mouths to prevent mouth-breathing, supervised tooth-brushing, and made sure that underclothes, shoes and socks gave plenty of room for growth.

It is doubtful whether a baby's hair can be taught to curl. But most heads of hair have a slight natural movement and this can be encouraged. Push the hair into waves and curl the ends round the fingers when it is still damp from the bath. Make sure that when it is professionally cut, it is a curly cut, and if the hair must be plaited, start from the crown of the head, for if it is plaited from the nape of the neck, it will cause an untidy hairline. If a pony tail is worn, tie the tail with tape. A rubber band will break and damage the hair.

Mothers often ask how they can keep a little girl's blonde hair from getting darker as she gets older. A regular weekly shampoo and very clean brushes and combs are important and you can safely use a camomile tea rinse. Infuse a heaped tablespoonful of dried camomile flowers (from the chemist)

in a pint of boiling water. When it is cool, strain and use as a rinse after the shampoo.

The best cosmetics for a child's skin are a good quality soap and soft water; but as soon as your daughter can imitate you, teach her how to wash her hands and face. Don't let her use face cloth, sponge or nail brush. The hands are more hygienic, and a nail brush does more harm than good. First she should wash her hands, massaging the soap lather from finger-tips to wrist. Now with fresh water she should work up a creamy lather and massage it over a wet face, using the same upward and outward movements you use when you apply cream. The soap must be washed off with plenty of clear water and the face patted dry with a soft

towel. A little cold cream or a light skin food can be rubbed over her cheeks before going out into a cold wind.

Most important of all to her future looks, give her, as we say in Scotland, "a good conceit of herself." Stress her good points and never discuss her shortcomings in her hearing, no matter how young she is. She must "feel pretty."

Beauty Flash

Judging by all the blistered backs, wind-burned cheeks and scarlet noses to be seen on Europe's beaches, Boots' *After Sun* has not arrived a minute too soon. This is a soothing, healing and antiseptic lotion which should be dabbed on to a sun-sore skin at frequent intervals. It costs 3s. a bottle.



PHOTOGRAPH: ALAN SHAYLE

The little girl's hair is being washed with Johnson's Baby Shampoo. This is the shampoo which even if it gets into a child's eyes will not sting or burn. It leaves the hair soft and shining. It costs 4s. 3d. or 3s. 6d. a bottle, 9d. for the sachet.

DINING IN

Helen Burke / Secrets of the soufflé

Many years ago a friend on holiday in the south of France enjoyed a "fabulous Soufflé Grand Marnier." On her return she tried to make it several times but her soufflés never had the flavour of the liqueur. She is not alone in finding soufflés flavourless. At dinner in a good restaurant, the other evening, I had a soufflé in which not a vestige of the orange liqueur had been retained. This was easy to understand; the soufflé had been overcooked and the spirit entirely driven off.

For years I have made sure that any soufflé containing liqueur was just cooked with the inside very soft indeed—so much so that many would think it uncooked. But, even though the eggs are raw, the mixture itself could hardly be described as such, the sauce part at least. Then one has only to cook the soufflé long enough for the eggs to expand and rise and give the ideal soufflé set. And the soufflé goes on cooking on its way from kitchen to dining-room.

I suggested to my friend what my mother used to do with sweet soufflés (and I always thought it her invention). In addition to adding liqueur to the mixture itself, soak a sponge finger in it. Cut this into four or five pieces. Turn a quarter of the mixture into a buttered and sugared soufflé dish. Arrange the pieces of sponge finger towards the centre, add the remainder of the mixture and level it off.

If you want a cottage-loaf effect on top, run the tip of a spoon around the surface, about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch in from the rim of the dish. Bake the soufflé for 20 to 25 minutes (but not more than 25) at 375 degrees F. or gas mark 5. Let your guests wait for the soufflé—it will not wait for them.

One of the reasons why few people will attempt a soufflé, for guests at any rate, is the fear that it will not rise. It will if the whipped eggs are folded in properly and not mixed so much that the air which you have so carefully beaten into them is forced out. Some people incorporate, and even beat in, a tablespoon of the whipped eggs and then fold in the remainder. The point is that the sauce (and that is what the mixture is) is slightly resistant to the whipped whites

and the addition of a small part of the whites in the first place breaks up the slight density and makes the mixture accept the remaining whites more readily.

Experienced soufflé-makers might pooh-pooh this tip, but if you have no luck, try it.

There is another unusual practice, and that is to tie a buttered piece of paper around the soufflé dish, letting it extend about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches above the rim. This is to encourage the soufflé to rise above it. And it works. When you come to remove the paper, untie it, place a knife against the side of the dish and gently pull off the paper, letting the knife take off the strain and thus avoiding a disturbance which could cause the soufflé to fall.

Here is a recipe for KÜMMEL SOUFFLE for four. One could just as well use Cointreau or Grand Marnier but Kümmel is more unusual.

Cut a sponge finger into four pieces and sprinkle with a tablespoon of Kümmel. Make a white sauce. Very gently simmer an ounce of flour in $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of butter. Remove and stir in $\frac{1}{4}$ pint of warm milk in which $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of sugar have dissolved. Return to the heat and cook very gently to make a smooth sauce. Remove and leave to cool while sprinkling the inside of a buttered 2-pint mould with caster sugar, inverting the dish and tapping out excess sugar. Now add 3 egg yolks and beat them well into the sauce. Stir in 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons of Kümmel. Whip 4 egg whites until they are stiff but not dry-looking (because they would then take an awful lot of folding in). Stir a tablespoon of them into the sauce then fold in the remainder. Place a quarter of this mixture in the prepared dish, arrange the four pieces of sponge finger in a circle near the centre, add the remaining mixture and level it off. Make a circle around the inside of the dish.

And here is a tip from a chef who always makes perfect soufflés: place a baking sheet in the middle of the oven while it is heating to 375 degrees F. or gas mark 5. Place the soufflé on it and leave it there, without opening the door, for 20 minutes. You can then have a peep. If the surface is brown, you can safely remove the soufflé. Serve at once.



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Dudley Noble / Variations on a simple theme

MOTORING

Radford Mini de Ville Cooper "S"



PHOTOGRAPH: RICHARD SWAYNE

Almost exactly 60 years ago, Mr. Herbert Austin settled his new motor works on the slopes of the Midland Lickey Hills, and struck it pretty rich. But surely he could never have conceived the vast complex of wealth-producing veins that would emerge as the British Motor Corporation began making vehicles for the world markets. And even Lord Austin's successor—the newly knighted Sir George Harriman—might scarcely have dared to hope that, when he courageously gave the go-ahead to the Mini, which Alec Issigonis had so boldly designed, he was bringing into existence the most versatile little transporter the motoring world has yet known.

Even the Corporation itself lists 19 variations on the Mini theme, ranging from the purchase-tax-free van (Austin and Morris counting as one make) at £372, through the gay little Moke at £406, tax paid, the saloon at £470, the Countryman at £545 (£564 with wood-framed body) to the Mini-Cooper "S"

with 100 m.p.h. performance at £778. There are more luxurious versions, too; the Wolseley Hornet at £579 and the Riley Elf at £597, with their more Roman noses and elongated tails, real leather inside, and (with the Elf) a touch of polished walnut. But, apart from what B.M.C. itself produces, there are those who make the host of accessories intended specially for Minis, who take them in as raw material, so to speak, to transform them into *de luxe* carriages suited to the transport of tycoons by uniformed chauffeurs.

I must confess I felt almost like one of these legendary "warmer-uppers" (will nobody ever think up an English word conveying the same meaning as chauffeur?) when I had the loan of a Radford Mini de Ville recently. Outwardly it looks nearly the same as the plain unadorned £470-worth, but, in close-up, the coachbuilder's finish is discernible, with hairlines in contrasting colours drawn along the body sides

in that faultless style only a long experienced craftsman can attain. Inside, the front seats are to the lush standard one finds on the £2,000-plus type of car; their backs are reclined and they are adjustable over a wide range. The back seats are similar in quality and the carpeting thick and plushy. Electrically operated windows, by a pair of push buttons, plus a hinged front ventilating panel, make it easy to control air-flow, and the door handles are well sited. Admittedly, all this takes away the normally hollow interior of the Mini's doors, which provide a bit of extra width and some parcel-space, but there is a central upholstered box, with lid which acts as an armrest. The instrument panel is completely restyled, with tasteful dark-toned wood, and extra instruments include a rev. counter, ammeter, oil pressure gauge and electric clock. Auxiliary lamps are built into the radiator grille, and a reversing lamp into the back.

A twin loudspeaker radio

set, one of the best that I have ever listened to, and with almost stereophonic effect, is fitted neatly below the fascia. Soundproofing, unseen and effective, has been carried out underneath the body and on some of the panels. All these features add up to £560 over the list price of the Mini (and my specimen happened to be a Cooper "S", so the total price was already £1,338), but there are even more available: a Webasto folding roof (£59 10s.); a wind deflector to prevent draughts when it was open (£8 10s.); that "wicker" look in basket-work (£30); real leather to the seating (£30); special wheels in alloy (£35); under-sealing of the body (£13 16s.); a heated rear screen (£18 10s.); air horns (£11). For an additional rate of knots from the engine, and more vivid acceleration, a Downton engine conversion costs £120. The fact remains, however, that Harold Radford (Coachbuilders), of 124 King Street, London W.6, can turn a Mini into the most luxurious of cars.

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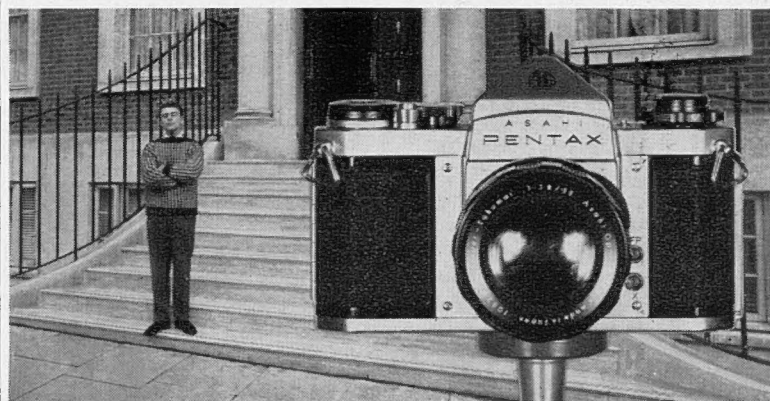
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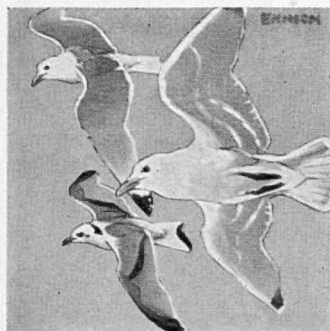
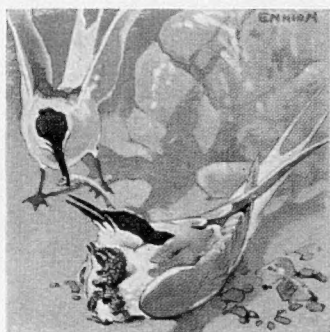
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Today the whole archipelago (15 to 28 separate islands and islets, depending on the state of the tide) is the property of the National Trust, managed by their Farne Islands Local Committee, and visited by 7,000-8,000 people every year. Most of the exposed rock is volcanic dolerite, which provides elegant platforms, pinnacles and cliffs for a huge sea bird population to nest on.

Richard Eurich's view looks north-west across the south end of Staple Island to the Inner Farne beyond, with Prior Castell's tower (home of some of the watchers); in the distance the Northumberland mainland by Monk's House. On the right guillemots nest on the Pinnacles, and around the entrance to Kittiwake Gully wheel clouds of our only ocean-going species of gull. The foreground birds are shag (flying), razorbill, duck eiders with young, arctic terns. Eric Ennion, long a bird observer on the Farnes, has painted portraits of roseate terns, eider pair, kittiwakes.

St. Cuthbert's Islands have one of the greatest mixed terneries in the U.K.—arctic, common, Sandwich and the rare and graceful roseate terns all come here to breed. Over 200 bird species have been logged on the archipelago which is an important staging post for migrants. Here, almost alone on Britain's east coast, breed grey seals.

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JAMES FISHER

Some advice from Peter Scott: not all Britain's bird sanctuaries are open throughout the year. To avoid disappointment and help the sanctuary managers, please write ahead for permits, keep to trail regulations and drills, and read the COUNTRY CODE (6d. from H.M.S.O.).

An art reproduction of Rowland Hilder's painting of Minsmere from this series has now been published by Royle Publications Limited, London, N.1 — size 20½" x 28½" at 56/3d. and is obtainable from Art Dealers.

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